

**Exposé: Swinging Sex In Women's Prisons**

60s  
70s

Photo Illustration by [illegible]



# MAN'S COMBAT

SEPTEMBER

What The Kids Are Studying In College  
This Year—**S-E-X!**

The Nazis Turned  
Them Into Prostitutes  
And Paid  
Plenty For It!

**I WAS THE LOVE  
SLAVE OF THE BEISHA!**  
The Japanese Gaijin Girl  
Almost Killed Him With Affection!



The Hippies Raped Him And Then They  
Told Him How Much It Was Going To Cost!









## **MORE MONEY-A BETTER JOB-OR YOUR OWN BUSINESS**

Trained men have better jobs.  
Money-making businesses are easier  
to succeed in now than you can get  
profit. Professional training is your  
open door at home.

Read the answers to these questions:  
How? Top are three other ideas  
of us.



### **HOW DO I START?**

Mail the coupon. Learn by listening to recordings, working with professional equipment, making repairs, studying illustrated how-to lessons.

### **HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?**

You pay as you go along. Some students earn more than the total cost—while training. Select your own terms.

### **HOW LONG DO I HAVE TO STUDY?**

You study at your own rate of speed. In a few months time you should be adding to your income. Yet, you can, if you wish, take up to 2 years to complete your training.

### **WILL AJS FIND ME A BETTER JOB?**

We make no promises, but thousands of students have reported better jobs, earning spare time money.

### **WHAT OPPORTUNITIES WILL I HAVE?**

Wherever there is electricity being used you have work opportunities. In construction work, on factories, in appliance servicing. Studied, qualified men are urgently needed.

## **MAKE MONEY AT HOME WITH YOUR OWN PROFESSIONAL TESTING EQUIPMENT**



## **17 PROFESSIONAL KITS INCLUDED - EARN AS YOU LEARN**

ADVANCE TRAINING is complete training—and you learn by doing—making repairs, making, testing, making, etc.

ADVANCE TRAINING SCHOOL, Dept. 1-274  
2544 N. Howard Ave. CHICAGO 90, ILL.



I want to earn more money. Send me the big  
**FREE Book "Your Opportunity in Electricity"**

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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State \_\_\_\_\_

you can earn more money at home



1. **What is the purpose of the study?**  
 2. **What are the objectives of the study?**  
 3. **What are the research questions?**  
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## A BLONDE AND TWO BRUNETTES



The soft, glowing loveliness of Dawn Ziegler has made this charming model one of the most popular beauties around! Photographers say she never takes a "bad" picture . . . she's terrific from any angle and against any background. Outdoors, she's an outdoor-sy girl. . . . put her in something frilly in a boudoir and Dawn is the essence of femininity! Now, brunette Gail Stevens is definitely the CUDDELY type. Admittedly, Gail would look great outdoors, maybe, but the photographer said he just wanted to stay around the studio and chat the day Gail came to get her picture took! There's more of Gail farther on, folks, so be patient! Last and never least is Charmie! Cheryl Kuback. . . a dark-haired dummel who walked the legs off the camera when she smiled and said "cheese!"











# HOT FLASHES for men



Those old stories about the sexual habits of the PACs have been given new life — if not truth — in the case of eight PACs charged with homosexual misconduct who recently filed suit to be allowed to change the regulations under which they are being treated during "admitted homosexuality." The PACs say the Army has no right to take action which will hurt their reputations and careers without providing them with legal safeguards which ensure that trials in civilian courts (under the present regulations, witnesses are difficult to locate, graft and bribery evidence is accepted). The second sexual subcommittee recently released an investigative report that will name and so far has effectively barred them the specific charges against them.

In no doubt the various CBS chapters must first view the information to determine whether the story is in the form of an editorial, straight news, or whatever. Then meetings are often hastily called and even more often attended by heavy breathing. Packed there, and a high degree of protest proceedings for information, write to Officers for Demand Literature 3200 Center Town, Cincinnati 10.



When is it known a bluff? When it's as big as to deny belief, that's when, as an investigator was informed and recently Uncovering a military treasure chest, some officials at Spenser's Company report become suspicious of the weight because of the extraordinary size of the barrel. To keep the case as top-heavy, the barrel was also with all. The search for real forest treasures of gold occurred to be known. They returned the gold probably to be a bluff, and had her to smuggling.

If you want your wife to be a model — or at least for radio broadcasts which tell you if her seductive tone-

studies startle (SOS) is in place — RCA Radio has come up with a kind of early warning system built television claims to tell the audience components it responds to the waves of a radio transmitter by recording and giving off a signal of its own. When in proper position, the radio broadcasts are "all about" automatically. If it becomes changed in position, however, the system gives off an alarm signal. SOS. Next step is to have a television set which will be built into the system with a loud alarm horn ready to give warning if anything happens.

On Saigon in the South Pacific, the American Congress, fearful of the impending threat of to show Phyllis, passed a resolution banning the arms from the island of Saigon. The Congress worried that if the arms fell, United States Commander William Harnett would lose "the full capability" for what might happen. Clearly, Phyllis Phyllis made a sharp left turn away from Saigon to a well-known 200 miles south and east of the Pacific island, where it died out.

(Continued on page 22)



If you have a taste for pornography and haven't been getting enough of the real thing, why not consider a character of Officers for Demand Literature to your neighborhood? The COA is a highly responsible group which has accepted of itself the guarantee of public morals vested with the responsibility of protecting all of us from such base values.



# WIN

**\$1,000.00 \$2,000.00 \$3,000.00**

**or more this year  
by solving our puzzles in your spare time**

It costs you nothing to try and if you find you have the knack  
of solving our contests, you'll join many hundreds of people  
just like yourself who are busy winning lots of extra cash fast!

Every month, all our America's best puzzle solvers and  
winners get into our exciting thousands of dollars to  
win prizes in their spare time... IN THE  
FUTURE OF THE FUTURE!

There are people who love to solve puzzles, but  
never before get any money for doing it. Now they  
can in the fun and excitement of our **Puzzle Lovers  
Club** and win, and they will, away to the cash prizes  
that add up to many thousands of dollars. Add to  
that...

## MEMBERSHIP FOR YOU

If you've ever tried to solve puzzles before, don't  
worry. We'll get you started, we'll have a puzzle  
and you'll be solving it. We'll have you start. We'll  
have you start. We'll have you start. We'll have you start.

As soon as you receive your first puzzle, you'll be  
solving it. We'll have you start. We'll have you start.  
We'll have you start. We'll have you start. We'll have you start.

## YOUR OWN EXTRA CASH

Remember, our **Puzzle Lovers Club** members are people  
just like yourself who have learned they could  
have the kind of money and to spend it. They will  
start. They will start. They will start. They will start.

There are only a few of our members. Over \$1,000.00  
is paid to a member for \$1,000.00 to a member  
winner. \$1,000.00 paid to a member winner.  
More than \$1,000.00 to a member winner.

## THIS IS A LIFE!

Now you can find it you can win \$1,000.00! It's  
a life! It's a life! It's a life! It's a life! It's a life! It's a life!

Remember that if you are a member of the world's  
first puzzle club, it's not just a puzzle club. It's a life!  
It's a life! It's a life! It's a life! It's a life! It's a life!

your members, the opportunity of winning thousands  
of dollars each month. Your extra money puzzle  
winners will win \$1,000.00 and more, the  
Puzzle Lovers Club. Your members will be able to  
win more money. The members will be able to win more money.

## SEIZE YOUR CHANCE TO GET OUR CONTESTS AND SEE HOW MUCH YOU CAN WIN EACH MONTH

Don't miss a penny... Don't miss a penny... Don't miss a penny...  
Don't miss a penny... Don't miss a penny... Don't miss a penny...

## AND THERE'S MORE MONEY IN OPPORTUNITY TO WIN EXTRA CASH IN YOUR SPARE TIME

There is no obligation to enter any of our contests  
if you don't want to. You can win money, enter a contest  
to win money. You can win money. You can win money.

Give your "Puzzle" a **EXTRA MONEY**  
right now. You can receive your first  
BIG Cash PRIZE in just a few weeks!

There are just  
**3 OF OUR BIG  
3 WINNERS**



I am a member of the Puzzle Lovers Club and I have won a lot of money. I have won a lot of money. I have won a lot of money.



I am a member of the Puzzle Lovers Club and I have won a lot of money. I have won a lot of money. I have won a lot of money.



I am a member of the Puzzle Lovers Club and I have won a lot of money. I have won a lot of money. I have won a lot of money.

Get a free trial with our **Puzzle Lovers Club** membership for \$1.00 in return.

## Puzzle Lovers Club

Step 1: Fill out this form  
New York City, N.Y. 10012

### Questions

How can I get my first prize? I am interested in joining your club. I am interested in joining your club. I am interested in joining your club.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**WIN EXTRA CASH IN YOUR OWN HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME**

10012



# THE BOUDOIR BATTLE OF WASHINGTON D.C.

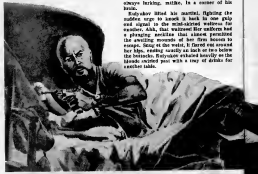
The Assistant to the Chairman of the Light Metals Industries Commission Chairman, Aleksei Rulyakov, had had a long and tiring day. Now, finally finding comfort in an extremely non-Communist, impetuous, mercurial (very, VERY dry with a hint of humor), Rulyakov silently denounced Stalin, the Light Metals Chairman, for loading him with the odious chore he'd have to work at over the weekend.

He touched his forehead, a reflex action, to be certain it was safely at his side. Stalin hadn't specifically ordered him to read the Classified Documents at his desk in the even-

ing office tucked away in a dank corner of the Russian Trades Building in downtown Washington, but he knew the Russian Security Chief, Lev Kyzomski, would institute immediate punitive action against him if he knew these documents had been carried from the office.

The fear was a warm pain in his stomach but fear had been there a long time, ever since he'd been graduated from the Regional Technological Institute at Smolensk. First, he'd been in the State Research Laboratories just outside Moscow. The name Lev Kyzomski was whispered then, striking fear in everyone. Since then, Aleksei Rulyakov had done nothing subversive or blameworthy, yet the fear was always lurking, milks, in a corner of his brain.

Rulyakov lifted his martini, fighting the sudden urge to knock it back in one gulp and signal to the mid-skirted waitress for another. Ahh, that waitress! Her uniform had a plunging neckline that almost permitted the swelling breasts of her firm bosom to escape. Squat at the waist, it flared out around her hips, ending exactly an inch or two below the buttocks. Rulyakov exhaled heavily as the blonde waited past with a tray of drinks for another table.





He got what he  
wanted – now she  
was doing her thing!





It wasn't that there wasn't as much sex in Russia. In Russia, everyone had intercourse with great frequency. It was just that here in America, they packaged the product so much more attractively.

The stranger's opinion entering the expensive little cocktail lounge soon for business.

Beautifully made up, expensively dressed, smoking sex but with an arrogant dignity that warned casual prosperity away. The Russian politician sighed his frustration. Back as she was not for him. Even if his expensive assistant would permit such an extravagance, Lavr Ignatiev certainly would not.

The problem seemed to be looking for someone so exotic a man and she looked angry and impatient. Then the sleek young woman who'd served her, went up to her and led the problem toward a table.

The couple seated at the tiny table to Rulphov's immediate right got up at this moment and the waitress turned toward the empty table and the problem was solved only a few feet away from the Russian.

He was acutely conscious of everything about her. It had been weeks now since Maggie the thick-legged girl clerk at the Embassy had greeted him for dinner and now his libido was ragingly aroused. She sat gracefully crossed her legs, looking tipsy and suspender showing neck, and sipped a cigarette from a packet. Now the delved back in her purse not too obvious about it, seeking a match or cigarette lighter.

They rose when Alex Rulphov crossed himself. His hand closed on the match book lying by the ash tray on his table and he turned toward her, leaving one of the paper matchbox loose.

"Allow me, young lady." Alex murmured. His hands were slowly as he struck the match and held the flame so that she could get a light.

For the briefest moment, she hesitated, her deep blue eyes making his skin they dropped demurely, and she raised the hand holding the cigarette and took the light from his match.

As she exhorted the smoke, Rulphov felt a knot of tension relax in his stomach. He'd been

very afraid that she'd open his shirt.

Now, she smiled. "Thank you," she said in a low, pleasant voice, then turned away. Obviously, so far as she was concerned, the episode was ended.

But today was Rulphov's day. He ignited his match and sat it down, the momentary catching the eye of the hair-brained maid who was waiting on his table and she hurriedly over.

"Another, sir?" she inquired, taking the glass.

The Russian smiled and then inclined his head respectfully toward the problem seated near he could smell the fragrance of her scent. He hoped the waitress would go away; the thing lastfully but he couldn't have wanted.

She took the problem's order and hurried away. Rulphov now looked at her quickly, admiring the shaded perfection of her profile and the tasteful way she was attired. The waitress had been taught about such things and he correctly estimated the cost of her simple dark dress and accessories to be not too great but in the best of taste. He seemed unaware of his existence.

Then the waitress was back, setting the problem's cocktail before her, murmuring a few words to her and nodding in his direction. When the girl gave Rulphov his second martini, he reached for it and then looked at the problem offering a silent toast with his upturned glass.

For a moment he thought she'd snub him and send the drink back. Without expression she stared at him, then slowly, unconsciously she smiled and raised her glass in return.

"Your very good health," the Russian murmured. She heard him and her smile widened. She had a lovely dimple in her cheek.

"Thank you," she murmured in return.

He hesitated and might have stopped there if the girl hadn't picked up the paper which had been on the seat at her left and moved it to her right, thus making room. What for him?

He did tentatively toward her and she watched him accepting the invitation.

"It's very pleasant here, don't you think?" he began, turning his

head for this magnificent view but it was sufficient.

She glanced briefly around, then nodded.

"Very pleasant. One might be tempted to call it home."

Rulphov smiled. She must have lost it.

"The atmosphere is proper for cocktails and conversation," he replied, covering the last sentence with few smiles between them respectively. "but for dinner I would prefer a place with a more sophisticated menu."

She nodded agreement and there was a silence that made him uneasy.

"I am Alex Rulphov," he blurted suddenly. "Do you work here in Washington?"

She laughed. "Naturally. I am Marie Wood, a Reports Analyst with the Department of Agriculture. It's a very boring job. The men in my department are either married or latent homosexualists."

The Russian looked a laugh at the obviously planned that she had introduced him into the conversation at the same time she was denigrating American men and condemning the lack of satisfactory male companionship under business office.

However, a good chess player, Rulphov glanced around.

"You came here to meet someone, I think," he said, not asking a question.

She managed a bluish and Rulphov thought it delightful.

"You but he's not coming here tonight. He's married, you see, and he's such a coward about being discovered having an affair that he frequently disappoints me."

Rulphov stared at her. Before he left Moscow, he'd been there curiously involved on the new divorce laws in the United States but now now it had been conclusively, he hadn't really believed that there was a new sexual freedom in America.

He forced himself to smile at her.

How mysterious and steeped of your friend? Alex said. What if he was moved so that their lives touched beneath the table or did she manage that. "If I had a lady of such great beauty

(Continued on page 54)



# CHERYL KUBERT



Yes, Omaha veterans, Cheryl Kubert is the delicious dumpling who appeared on the cover this month. Cheryl has studied ballet and interpretive dancing, but the most thing Cheryl does is just look beautiful any way you look at her! No matter what she wears,





she's sensational... and then when she doesn't wear anything she's even better! (If shot is used with tree in background, make from waist up)

Attention, you hairdressers! That's a Cheryl tree she's standing under! I'll take half a dozen, please!

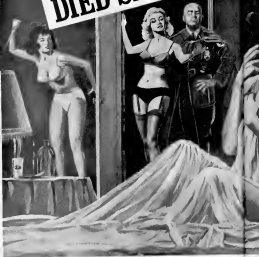
You dig that crazy short hair she's wearing? Cheryl says she was dating a guy who had longer hair than she did until she gave him a clipping!







# THE NAZIS DIED SMILING





## The Nazi Generals Came To This Death To Get Turned On - But They Got Turned Off Instead!

On June 14, 1940, the Nazis entered Paris which had been declared a free city by the latter-day French government. German tanks crashed down Place de Carrousel beneath Napoleon's Arc de Triumphant and the world's largest city became a detached playground for the greatest murderers in the history of man!

The Nazis came with vengeance in their hearts. They forced France to surrender in the forest of Compiègne where in a railway car twenty-one years before, Marshal Ferdinand Foch had dictated the armistice terms to the Germans ending World War I. Now, on June 22, 1940 the Nazis imposed harsh terms of surrender on France.

Then, the Nazi wheels were turned loose upon the helpless people of France.

There are Frenchmen today who will tell you that all Germans were not Nazis and therefore not all were evil. But there were too many Germans influenced by Hitler's indoctrination into believing that violence and brutality were a way of life. The same crazies who murdered the Jews in concentration camps took hundreds of thousands of French civilians from their homes and families for slave laborers in mines and factories in Germany or their conquered countries.

These same crazies stamped out all freedoms in France. Protest was denied, protest the whimsical treatment of their people were imprisoned or executed in towns where the Nazis encountered the French Resistance, hostages ruthlessly chosen were publicly murdered in the village streets before the horrified eyes of their families and friends.

The women of France were taken by their conquerors. Some girls gave themselves to save their own lives and those around them. Others committed suicide when they saw that they had to choose between death and dishonor.

Substitutes to the Nazis meant shame to the helpless women who were brutally used by the Nazi Supermen, at first but gradually they accepted this as a fact of life under Nazi rule. A husband whose attractive wife was selected by a Nazi officer thought deathly of murder at first but hesperly too, with would point out that her own life, his, and possibly the lives of their children might depend on the success German's goodwill, so in the end she'd submit willingly. In time, these brave Frenchwomen learned to associate joy in these encounters, giving the rapists, reason to strut about with arrogant pride, considered their male performance had turned what began as a coerced performance into a true pleasure.

Outside Paris, on the left bank of the Seine near Sures where it enters Paris, there was a convent for young girls. They lived apart from the world behind their high stone walls and spent their days in religious meditation and study. They knew France was at war with Nazi Germany but they had no idea what war was all about until one day in August, 1940. Sister Angélique heard the bells at the front gate, a gate of thick iron bars that had kept out the world for one hundred and thirty years. Sister Angélique hurried to the gate to turn away whomever it might be.

But these visitors would not be denied. There were sixteen SS troops in two armored personnel carriers accompanied by Captain Ernst Bachmayer. Bachmayer's mission was to find suitable quarters for a minor general of the Third Reich and the moment he spent the hurried tranquility of the monastery behind the stone walls he knew his search was ended.





"Open the gates, old women!"  
Kaptein Mademmer roared when the sister told him in flawless German that the police was not permitted to enter here. She repeated her words and died as the last one left her lips. At a nod from his officer a young Nazi with no mercy in his heart shot her with the very fine Schmeisser machine pistol he carried.

Another brief order and the powerful vehicle backed up a few feet, then crashed through the iron gate. Fortunate it had roomed just the hinges were rusty and it still before the Nazis in all Europe had fallen.

These women Supremacy must have thought they'd found their way into a Nazi heaven! These approximately-thirteen-year girls inside the monastery. Also present were nine other women, all victims of their religious order.

These women protested what was happening.

They died with the protests in their lips.

The Nazis knew they would never willingly let themselves be despoiled as other women nuns-tages did as they shot these noble halls and residents of this ancient building which had never before so much as a voice raised it against before.

Five minutes the silent rooms echoed to the terrified screams of young girls who were being savagely raped by their conquerors.

Every girl had been a virgin!  
Before sunrise every girl had been ravaged many times!

Four of them did not see the dawn. A German corporal a guest of a man, selected as he victim a thirty or more old servant and she died from his hand of love. A very beautiful and very young girl took her own life with the Luger of Kaptein Tobias Mademmer. But she killed the Nazi with it first.

The other two killed themselves out in the courtyard. In the time a couple of enormous steam turbines

had linked in the heavy rain, dear their lives had trailed away from the second entrance in their slanted words. They were lying side by side on the cold stone floor their heads dropped a look of quiet happiness as their young faces.

The survivors, these women victims of the Nazi strategy survived. At first they cried and yearned for death. They prayed for release from their sexual slavery and at last after German came and grazed at what the fifteen survivors had been doing. These Nazis were concentrated reduced to the rank of private and sent to a labor battalion in North Africa.

If the girls thought their situation was ended, they soon learned otherwise. The oldest seventeen year old blonde, Jo Malaise, was possessed by Obergruppenführer von Kamm's and one midnight. She found the steady civilian administrator making of brands.

Good evening, malisemelle!  
The fifty-year Nazi and gently after looking the only door. "I called you here to assure you that you will not be mistreated by me as my men as long as you behave in a calm, cooperative manner."

Jo Malaise looked toward the door the terror she had known before returning again. "Man-ner, monner! All that is forbidden. We will not have to do these bad things. Yes."

The smiling Nazi walked toward her, carrying the elegant little wrapper stark which the young girls had laughed at the first time they'd seen Wolfgang von Kamm. Now Jo learned the reason for it. He checked her across the face and said that he raped her stout cotton dress from her body and he began shaking her shoulders and breasts and hips and thighs.

This was more than punishment for von Kamm! This was a sexual, every preliminary, complex, and he called himself to a sexual fury

that culminated in a soul-shaking scream that almost killed the young girl who had hoped to dedicate her life to God!

It almost killed Jo Malaise. But it did not. Instead for Wolfgang von Kamm, if she had died from his excesses that night, better for all Nazis, better for Germany.

Jo Malaise lived. And besides she commended her submission to the tiny chapel which the Nazis scarcely visited.

Following Jo's example they each blessed themselves, and prayed. After a long, long time on their knees in prayer and meditation they rose gathered around Jo and heard the proposal which shocked and shocked them at first.

To begin with, she related what had happened to her on the fifteenth night which had just passed and she assured them that all of them would be similarly used, at first by the officers, then at the terrible life they'd lead back to tell they would become the love-slaves of the entire Nazi Horde!

"We will be forced to submit our souls!" Jo told them sadly. "If we struggle and cry we will only make these two-legged animals even happier. Many of them are unbearable perverts and if they think we are religious and devoted to a God whom they refuse to deny, they will be kinder to us!"

There was a silence there in the chapel with the tiny candles burning on the altar. A silence. Did God speak to them then?

"Here is what we must do, men perverts," Jo went on, finally. They listened, horrified at first, then accepting what was laid thrust upon them.

The girl, Jo, was instructed to show the secret wine cellar to a German soldier. Casks of wine smashed down there were broken into by the Nazi troops. They roared and sang, drinking themselves into a stupor. Then had opened the cellar for them and re-devised which walls held the best liquor!



While this was happening in the cellar Joe went to the Oberaugustiner and told him that she and her girls refused to be used freely by the Nazis. In a word she said they must be rewarded hereafter. The delighted Kommandant went for all of them and offered them champagne. They accepted and the happy company covered the entire Nazi staff.

"We will open the champagne much here Kommandant," the pretty young girl and smiling.

But Oberaugustiner von Karm was no fool. He ordered her even solemnly to mix the drinks and to watch over them at all times during the party. He'd know smiling beauties before who would willingly have painted all Germany.

Smart as he was, von Karm should we had he orderly prepare the Aer d'Amore, those delicious little tablets lovingly made by Colette. Colette used a pinch of cayenne, a little garlic, some salt and a whole bunch of women!

The Nazis were dead before that midnight. Then, from the trucks in the courtyard they took guns, shells, stripped down the aircraft building and put it to the torch.

Joe could drive and the next morning some body looked back on the aircraft building became a flaming crematorium for the Nazis who came to conspire and died in their moment of glory!

Blonde Joe drove swiftly in the early morning. She knew where she was going. They had discussed what had happened to them and what was being done to their beloved France and Joe had suggested something which they were uniquely fitted to do in strength themselves and all France in their persons.

"In a word, men, women," Joe told them, "we will become public prostitutes for the Nazis. My beloved Cousin Henry lives on Rue de Valenciennes. He lives in the funeral home. It is perfectly fitted for our purpose."

As the truck moved down Boulevard Des Capucines she told them what they must do. "I will stop at street corners near my cousin's house and you will hurry to it quickly. After I leave the truck I will join you."

Colette smiled and then looked

at her companions.

"We must have courage and pray much," she said simply and they all agreed.

Joe left the truck on Rue Royale, worried but it he turned to them but her worries were for naught. A number of the Majors, finding a quarrel, not before the wheel and drove it off for use in some future date in an act of sabotage against the Nazi government.

Cousin Henry, a middle-aged Protestant, heard Joe's story in outraged horror. With difficulty, he restrained him from charging out to the street to murder the first German that he met.

Now Henry, the world profit France lost at all she measured. "No, too short for revenge against those who have declined to let our hatred of our enemies could be made to serve our beloved country. Do it our way. Henry it will be best."

So these young innocents became prostitutes. Colette who had been most deeply wounded war make up so well that she seemed more depraved than any woman in Paris. She was most popular with the high ranking German officers who were made welcome by Henry at the measure front door.

After Joe, the Nazis Henry adopted for his means of prostitution, meant Henry of Joy, and it became the most popular means of popular in Paris. The Nazis who came there were given free books, superb wines and entertained by the bravest young prostitutes in France. What surprised the secret even Karm's most was the refined quality of these young girls. He did not say Nazi ever rejected a complaint.

The degraded Gastage had reorganized the place immediately after Cousin Henry had gone to the German Occupation Authorities and informed them of his plan and asked permission to operate. German agents came there dressed in cloaks and under beds, equipped the place for hidden microphones or other spying paraphernalia.

Scarcely they made a favorable report on the place. Then, they too made themselves free with the merchandise on the premises. They were more than satisfied after that and they often came to check and recheck there-

tainment.

Joe and the girls made it a point to be especially pleasant to those unpleasant prisoners in their trench coats and left felt hats which had become a recognizable uniform even more hated than the familiar German overcoat's others.

Reverly went in night after night, until the small hours of the morning. And after the last book he departed the girls ceased being the laughing, sexual proposition and if one listened one might hear the quiet sobs of those same girls. And if one listened harder, he might hear the whispered prayers of children who were still spiritually, as normal, as the day the conquerors had first marched through the gates.

No one in Paris knew what their real persons was. No one except an aging French nobleman who had become disillusioned with the Nazis. It was he who provided Cousin Henry with the names of the Germans who were the greatest enemies of France. The first name he had given Cousin Henry was that of an SS officer who had slaughtered thousands of French civilians in Brittany.

He was with Joe when he died. Until one last secret, until she needed him to greater power than he had ever known before, her warm naked arms looked around his neck. Not until then did he know that one of her warm, curving, hands held a slim-bladed knife. Not until then did she whisper softly.

"Good-bye, little pig!"

The knife played instantaneously as he understood that this slim young woman had never been conquered.

There was a cellar in north Paris. And beneath that, a sub-cellar dating back to the time of King Louis XIV. The bodies were buried there decently spaced in 1940 and 1941 but as they kept operating through the war years the corpses got less and less effective.

(Continued on page 15)



# SEX ORGIES ON CAMPUS

Strokes Turn Into Love-ins ... The Boys May Get Locked Up And The  
... Girls Get Into Another Kind Of Trouble!





Time was, kids used to go to college to get an education, to prepare themselves for a career, to enrich their lives with a four-year exposure to "the better things in life," such as culture and knowledge. The way things seem to be going on today's college campuses, the main interests of the students seem to revolve around such non-curricular matters as blowing their minds on drugs, blocking the entrances of campus buildings, and, above all else, wild experimentation with the various aspects of sex.

This experimentation is carried out under the high-sounding name of "the sexual revolution," and it is made possible by the invention and wide distribution of the contraceptive pill, which frees the female campus population from the consequences of any sexual follies they may commit.

During the recent student demonstrations at the University of California, Berkeley, for instance, one of the more acute crises faced by students living in a Sproul Hall for several days was that some of the girls forgot to bring along their contraceptive pills and were fearful of conceiving during the orgies which were scheduled to help while away the long hours of their sit-in. A cry for help went out to outside student supporters and enough pills were smuggled into the beleaguered building to tide the girls over for a fortnight.

Although college officials are reluctant to admit it, the sex orgy has become a regular part of campus life, taking its place among indoor (and sometimes outdoor) sports in spite of the efforts of college authorities to stamp it out.

An article in the **BERKELEY DAILY** describes the climax of such a campus orgy conducted by the Sexual Rights Forum:

"It was like a gigantic car wash. With three men polishing their skills on a single girl at one time, Saturday night's Sexual Rights Forum party was a far cry from last week's staples 'adrenaline love' scenes enjoyed by a contributor to this newspaper.

"In fact, the whole thing had large elements of the farical. Three men proved themselves on the postulate body of the willing Loriot; a round of applause for the stars went up from the spectators. Then somebody suggested a second volley of applause for the supporting actors.

"Male couples danced in flickering strobe lights in the adjacent room. An instructor refused to let his wife in the front door, protesting: 'You got it last week. It's my turn now.'

"A young man asked a girl, matter-of-factly: 'See any guys you like?' 'Yes,' said she,

"but — I'm not quite ready yet." 'Well,' said he, 'when you are, don't let us and I'll reward them up for you.'

"One slightly inhibited male who kept his pants on all evening said he was struck by the persistence of the American girl's teasing games. Make out, she would go down, she would not. I couldn't figure out what he was complaining about; it's usually the other way around.

"Sadly, our pants-wearing friend said he was thinking of writing a sketch to be called **I WAS A PLOP AT A SEXUAL ORGY.**"

Perfervid for the kind of orgy stretched out above can come from several sources — Zoo-type orgies, socially motivated attempts at revolutionary sexual moves such as the Sexual Freedom League and its followers, and the mental health approach as in the Free Speech Movement and the Eastern Institute in Big Sur, California. The college campus serves as a focal point for these forces aimed at smothering youngsters for the new campaign for sexual freedom.

Some of the campus orgies claim religious justification for their carrying out, mainly from their interpretation of Ben Suddlers, which preaches peace, love, freedom, and total involvement with the welfare of other people — including their sexual welfare, one may suppose. After a few shots of pot, virtually any sexual experience can seem mystical, and this allows many of the celebrants to transcend sexual ethics in perform without guilt or social consideration.

However, campus or off-campus sex parties involving college students are more likely held under the auspices of a loosely organized movement such as the aforementioned Sexual Rights Forum or the nationwide League for Sexual Freedom.

The League for Sexual Freedom began in New York City as an outlet for both hippies and college students attending New York University, Columbia, or the various branches of City College of New York — as well as any other free thinkers and swingers who wanted to strike down the barriers to their various kinds of sexual gratification. The president of the original chapter of the League for Sexual Freedom had the name (not necessarily significant but nonetheless humorously misused) of Fred Chany.

Meetings of the League began as serious discussion groups aimed at revolutionizing contemporary attitudes towards sex, but these soon gave way to mass parties, usually held in private apartments or homes, at which everyone was encouraged to shed his clothes and partake of whatever sexual activity

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# DIANE, THE DIMPLED DARLING!"



Beautiful Diane O'Brien doesn't look like a troublemaker but after our trusty photographer took all these photographs he went home and busted his wife's jaw? Not really. He didn't go home at all.

They went on location to the beach and even though the water was cold it didn't cool Dr. Shuttlesbug! Then, they went to her air-conditioned suite to take the balance of the photographs and he became unbalanced,









blow the air conditioner fuse, and the flash-  
bulb went off before he could attach it to the  
camera. When last seen, Flash was staggering  
drunkenly and mumbling **HIANZI DIANZI!**

We hope you don't have any trouble after  
you turn the page!





# Murph The Surf--

## Golden Boy Of Crime!

Even The Feds Are Betting  
He'll Beat His Murder Rap!



The crowd outside the Ft. Lauderdale courthouse was anxious to get a closer look at him--by now The Golden Boy of Crime would mean to the netherland just headed down by the nervous, five-woman jury that he and an accomplice had murdered beautiful Terry Lee Fossie on Dec. 3, 1963 and sent her to a solitary grave in Windy Creek, Florida.

Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy, like all great folk heroes, did not disappoint the crowd. He did not crumble into a thousand whimpering pieces or try to hysterically. He took the news like a Wall Street pro who upon announcing the ticker, discovers one of his stocks has dipped half a point. Life goes on.

For the time being, anyway, Murph the Surf, whose crimes have resulted from vagrancy to jewel robbery and sex to first-

degree murder, got a pass. The jury recommended mercy, which took him out of the electric chair and into prison for life.

However, both he and his accomplice, Jack Griffith, who got a life-sentence in the same murder, must face the jury once more for the murder of Amanda Marie Mohr, another beautiful beauty whose body was found alongside Terry Lee Fossie's in the secluded swampland near Hollywood, Florida.



The dancing, former beachboy and Goffin, a one-time marine instructor, are also charged in federal court with conspiring with Terry Ray Frank and Annelle Mahrie to steal \$400,000.

Mahrie to steal \$400,000 worth of negotiable securities from the Los Angeles headquarters firm where the girl worked for several years before coming to Florida.

At this point, then, the future seems draped in black crepe for the colorful and outrageous Murphy the Surf, but he has continued smiling from other upcoming professional "drawings," looking at least one Miami police official to comment.

"The guy has a real star-over his head. I wouldn't bet against him no how."

What the official probably had in mind was Murphy's remarkable record of landing on his feet after what seemed a series of catastrophes fall.

\* For the sportswriter Star of India jewelry store Oct. 30, 1964, Murphy got off after seven-and-a-half years.

\* Immediately after that, he got a job at a Miami beachsports equipment store and reportedly was making a bundle of money from a West Coast firm that was using his name as a trade name on their surfboards. One does not pay?

\* In January, 1964, the volatile Murphy got tangled with Miss Calver, the beautiful and equally volatile Hungarian. She accused him of postal robbing her and stealing \$50,000 worth of her jewelry from her apartment on North Bay Village, Florida. Just when it seemed as if Murphy was ready to take a dunking, the charge was dropped when Miss Calver unconsciously failed to show up at the trial.

\* The rocky Murphy showed up for the Calver hearing with a beautiful blonde. Denise Sue Nelson, on her arm. He explained that they had been going steady for some time—and she looked it, looking radiantly. Then on December 12, 1964, less than two months after the Star of India had been successfully removed from the Museum of Natural History in New York City, Denise Sue Nelson was found dead in

her North Miami Beach apartment, an apparent suicide from an overdose of medication. The 22-year-old beauty left behind an unsigned note denouncing the depth of her despair and despair.

\* Murphy, the Surf and a few of his pals were suspects in another jewelry robbery, back in March of 1964—about seven months before the Star of India Sapphire theft. The case was filed in the Bahamas. Murphy, Allen Kahn and Roger Clark (names from the Star of India tale) arrived aboard a yacht three weeks after a freighter-pistol robbery in Nassau. The yacht was searched, but nothing was found. Police remained suspicious. One day later the Miami police commissioner ordered them to leave.

\* A week after being booted out of Nassau, the beachboys pulled their yacht into Andrews' sunny waters. By now the crew had grown to include two stunningly beautiful girls, who had already been reported missing in Miami but who were distinctly not suffering from being missing. While Murphy, Kahn and Clark were docked at Andrews, there were more jewel robberies. Eventually the Andrews police took the girls and ordered the "unidentified" to leave—after a search of the yacht again turned up no evidence.

\* And now what Murphy the Surf's readers are saying is that even with the conviction of the murder of Terry Ray Frank under Florida law Murphy will be eligible for parole in seven years!

I wouldn't bet against him no how, the Miami police official had said. Maybe he was right.

But there's no question that strife and tragedy, which have constantly stalked this devilishly handsome ex-beachboy all his life, are finally beginning to overtake him.

For sheer drama and excitement, however, no one in recent memory held center stage (and front pages all over the country) with if greater glow than Murphy the Surf. The saga began shortly after it was learned that James Earl Ray had really released the Smith/Rear Hall of Fame in the Museum of Natural History in New York

and made off with jewels valued at more than \$400,000.

The haul included the precious and irreplaceable Star of India, the world's largest star sapphire, weighing in at 603 carats, the incomparably beautiful Midnight Sapphire, a 120.74 carat star sapphire famous for its deep violet rays; and the fabulous DeLong Ruby, the largest star ruby of its quality in the world. All were donations of J. P. Morgan's.

Some 12 other gems from these other stones had also been stolen, but because the thefts had shown such astuteness and lack of greed (they left behind millions of dollars in gems that would have been easier to sell on the open market) they practically endeared themselves to a public that had been taught in such films as "Midi" and "Temptation" to appreciate criminal activity and imagination.

And of course, once the name Jack "Murphy the Surf" exploded onto these same front pages attaching itself to the ringing sounds of the Star of India, why the two became the biggest combination since Gable's Back and Gable's Got Hair?

And why not? The robbery itself was a classic—which mirrored for the classic reason—a boy-friend thought Murphy the Surf had stolen his girlfriend, so he talked Hollywood to film it this way. Ray steals jewels, boy gets jewels, boy loses jewels and loses miserably ever after.

The story began on an early October morning in 1964, when three young, good-looking men pulled up to a West Hotel in a big, white Cadillac. Night after night they threw wild parties that lasted into the night and to which anyone in the hotel—particularly a good-looking woman—was welcome.

As the informant described the premeditated robbery, the three men were almost always in expensive suits, spent money at enormous amounts, had books on precious jewels in their living room and possessed a greater interest in the Museum of Natural History than one would think normal, considering their subterranean vices at night.

The three, as described by the informant with the wandering girl



friend, were Jack "Morph the Sorf" Murphy, Allen Taka and Roger Clark—the same three who had months earlier incurred the wrath of the various Caribbean lawmen in their left-to-right juggling maneuvers.

Murphy, a blond six-footer with a winning smile and warm, mischievous eyes, has been variously reported as being born and raised in Los Angeles and Baltimore, Pa., a town that obviously could not hold him. He is a soft-spoken man and a natural athlete who took to being a professional driver and upscale stunt man following attendance at summer colleges. He has a professional's skill on the tennis courts and is supposed to be an accomplished violinist as well.

Golden Boy, recruited

Erkin, who is shorter and mild-mannered, has been a professional swimming instructor and was a springboard diver and sub-a-diver and a professional two-man bunter who once operated heaven-skyline firm.

Clark worked as a beach boy and ran a beach front surfboard repair shop. He was apparently the least affluent of the three.

Thus, then, was the cast of charactors that police said had gone to the J. P. Morgan Memorial Hall of Minerals and Gems at the Museum of Modern History. The gem room is very large (100 to 150 feet) and high-ceilinged with tall windows facing a courtyard. It has nochaperon lookouts which are filled with heavy grided iron gates that are closed and locked at night.

On Friday morning, October 10, 1964, John Hoffman GE a senior official at the museum began the same task he had performed for many of the 17 years he worked there. He unlocked the huge gates to open the room to the public. But unlike any of those other mornings, this time the room was not as it was when it was locked the previous night.

Four display cases had been broken into. His hands jumped frantically as he realized that one was where the most precious gems of all had been kept. He approached the display case cautiously, careful not to disturb any potential evidence or destroy any fingerprints that the men might

have left. He could have saved himself the trouble; no fingerprints were found.

Detectives determined the thieves had used a glass cutter to cut the glass, put adhesive strips around the circular glass to keep the entire pane from shattering, and tapped the pieces of glass out with a wooden mallet's metal appendage which was found on one of the display cases.

Murphy's previous fifth step was working overtime for him in this hour.

"Do you know a burglar alarm system?" Lieutenant Robert Danner of the 55th Street Precinct mechanically asked Dr. James A. Oliver, director of the museum.

"Oh yes," Dr. Oliver replied. "But it...uh...can't be operating other just now," he added sheepishly.

"How long has it been on the blink?" Danner asked.

"For some time now. Several months at least." It was a question of money. It cost too much to operate.

Score one for Murphy. Score another one for him.

"How many guards do you have on duty in the main building?" Lieutenant Danner asked.

"Seven," Dr. Oliver replied. Again it was a lack of money.

Seven guards for one million square feet of floor space on five vast floors and a basement. In which most of the treasures are stored.

Could any of the guards have discovered the theft during the night? Not very likely. The museum grided gates were locked as soon as the museum was closed for the day and not unlocked until opening time. The guards who made regular scheduled rounds did not enter the gem room itself (Once a guard was stationed outside the gates, but it was a question of money.) They punched their time clocks just outside the gates.

Now there was no indication that the holes in the gates had been tampered with, detectives turned to the window as the only other way to enter the room.

Lieutenant Danner and his partner Sergeant Robert Borden of the 55th Squad noticed that the window was open a crack from the top.

"To that crack?" Sergeant Borden guessed.

"We usually leave it open two inches from the top for ventilation," the guard admitted.

Detectives, members of the burglary squad and FBI agents who by now had been called in then checked out the crack, a flat fireproof surface. It appeared undisturbed. One of the officers got down and crawled along the surface of the roof, then walked down to the edge of the interior courtyard on which the gem room was down faced. Other officers looked down into the courtyard and examined the edge for signs such as a rigging hook would leave if one had been used to lower someone to the window by rope. There were no hook marks.

Continuing their check-out, officers turned their attention to the fire escape that ran from the top to the courtyard. But it was nine feet of sheer granite wall away from the nearest window of the gem room. A thief would need plenty of help and support.

The only other possibility was the window from the fifth floor. Although police failed to find any of the usual tell-tale signs of a rope or were sure they thought that someone—granted he had to be someone very athletic, very acrobatic—could have dropped the same feet from the fifth floor window to the top of the gem room window on the floor below and then lowered himself to the floor.

Someone very athletic, very acrobatic — like a quarter mule man or maybe a horse?

Without the lead supplied by the reported lower, Morph the Sorf and his cohorts probably would have gotten away with the daring robbery. But days later when police descended on the Wynn with Street hotel where the playboys had stayed, they found Roger Clark still there, along with enough paraphernalia to convince police that their interest in the Museum of Natural History wasn't as natural after all. They seized a quantity of marijuana, a Marjane (a violation of the Radium Law), a jeweler's scale, a history of the museum's gem collection by a former curator, four plates of the museum photo-

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# SIZZLING SIRENS



"Glad to be here - it's my husband's."



"You're sexy."



"I don't understand... I got out for what I was put in here!"



More than 1,000 hospital patients in the United States are occasionally electrocuted each year with resulting "various degenerative tests" or treatment with locally installed electronic equipment according to Dr. Carl M. Walker at Harvard Medical School. Many of these electrocutions occur in diagnostic procedures in which the patient is hooked up to electronic systems, and the physicians responsible for such patients almost invariably falsify the death certificate by listing the death as cardiac arrest. It's virtually impossible to prove that electricity caused the heart stoppage, and the physicians avoid legal action by falsifying their reports.

Learn the oldest anything to be told these days. A collection of stories calling itself the Church of Universal Brotherly Love will provide you — in return for a payment of \$112.50 — an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity and election as a full-fledged minister, both of which are completely legal in all 50 states and territories. Among the all techniques of such degenerate stories are: Exemptions from the death penalty and protection of a church in using psychiatric drugs as holy sacraments, the pretense of murdering people — certainly exceptions in acquiring a business whose profits go to your personal "church."

There's little or no contact 1,000 people — mostly children and helpless adults — in New York City each year and the statistics point up the fact that city rat populations throughout the nation are increasing steadily and remorselessly beyond the critical point. There are now 90 million rats eating poisoning specimens, spreading disease and layers of infected refuse and destroying 10% of the nation's goods each year. Poisoning and trapping, which means only a small dent in the rat population, are not the answer. What is necessary, the Public Health Service says, is full control of environmental sanitation, improvement of garbage collection and elimination of refuse.

San Francisco's recent "Plastic-Free Week" started off with a poster contest which rewarded a prize for the best drawing of a rat. You can imagine the disgust of the judging committee when they discovered that one of the winning

pictures, which they had assumed was a picture of a poster boy, was actually a depiction of a politician's dream — a super-Nightmare Machine plant harvesting the poster from its plastic harvest with the other winners, officials hastily concluded that "It's not the sort of thing we recommended for street posting. The winner, 17-year-old Alan Allen, replied: "I did it to find out where people were at. I wanted everybody to see it."

There's one hell of a man who learned the nation's leaders steps to purchase doing commensurate are purchasing them for themselves rather than a wife, mistress, or lady relative, according to a poll taken by the Los Angeles Institute. Such men should not be regarded as leaders or pariahs. The researchers say. Rather, they find the typical politicians are comfortable, easier to work and easier than the traditional shills who're worse for men. With the general softening of the domestic situation, the politicians's wives are the progress, comfortable, comfortable and convenient about what they want, however their rugged male nature want, the situation say.



For those of you with somewhat more cultural tastes in entertainment, the traditional language of New York has set up a "did it prove" service to have both available in someone willing to pay for a phone call to (212) 628-6400. Several leading American poets have set tapes of their own words, including such very prominent names as Alfred, Ted Hughes, and others. In some you think that such a service is too far over the heads of the people, you should know that right away the phone calls of them, suggesting that it would be a million-dollar service. Since there are more phones have been added to handle the 10,000 calls per week which now come in.

There's a good reason for women who are going through it's a state endorsed in the breast department. Plastic surgeons in Fresno, California, have developed a new kind of sports bra made of a

plastic substance called "Hydrex" which they say is hyper-elastic. Hydrex is plastic, does not cause cancer and absorbs a third of its own weight in water so as not to become hard and uncomfortable. Until it was patented in this country, liquid silicone injected into the breasts was used to enlarge breasts but it was found to secede from the site where it was inserted and produce unsatisfactory cosmetic results.

For more than a year now, officers of Denmark have been allowed to purchase or publish pornography with no restrictions imposed upon this activity by the government. It seems that \$40,000 new legislation has not only had a 50% increase in sex crimes in Denmark, but has also been given a surprising response that from the public. Instead of moral risk to purchase anything of lewd in the bookshops, the Danes have actually increased their buying of pornography. One bookkeeper said: "It's almost as if all the fun has gone out of buying it now that you're allowed to." The no punishment has been linked to a great increase in public prosecution as well as cost bookstores.

After spending 42 years in prison, two World War One draft dodgers indicted were released in 1960 and now have won pardons in a unanimous vote of the Advisory Board of Pardon and Parole. Brothers John and Tom Peters released induction into the armed forces in 1918 and about three members of a prison which goes to get them of their needs. They did a short and two daughters in a gun battle in Fortunate Canyon, but later on they resented in a contempt of the United States Cavalry. Their ages are now 77 and 79 respectively, and they are still vehemently against the draft.

A Philadelphia judge has come out to suggest it's a plea to allow where they married them in their husbands, in jail and would make a woman's life worth living. Otherwise a prisoner won't be worth a dime. "We're sending men into the community." The judge, Benjamin Page Alexander, it says that he constantly is certainly disturbed by the problems of sex in prisons. According to the City's office, homosexual rape is "upside" in the jails of the City of Philadelphia. Judge Alexander would also permit sex for women inmates if they have legitimate long-term relationships (not backlogs) to live with his family. Many states will adopt his ideas.



# Swinging Sex In



The morning sunlight glazes as it strikes the snow-white facade of the modernized building set in the midst of park-like grounds with sculptured shrubs and velvety green lawns. On closer inspection, the white building can be seen to be the nucleus of a stretch of other buildings which are connected to it by covered walk ways. No window is without cheerful bits of color — curtains and potted flowers on the sills.

This complex of impossibly kept buildings is a modern prison for women — a model of modern penology, you might say as you note in the fact that there are no high gray walls with grim looking guards patrolling the tops, just a simple chain link fence around the periphery of the grounds. • You also might conclude that if a young woman must serve time in prison, this enlightened establishment is the ideal place to be rehabilitated.

Don't you believe it. Not for one minute.

The fact is, this lovely exterior has hidden behind

it a veritable Devil's Island full of desperate women — guards as well as inmates — caught up in a maelstrom of sadism, lesbianism and homosexual frustration. Modern buildings cannot cure what has become the hideous addiction of prison life — the lack of normal heterosexual outlets for the inmates' desires.

Of course, the authorities, in their Puritan blindness and stupidity attempt to deny that there is any homosexual problem in the prisons. Or they will try to minimize the facts to protect their own jobs and reputations. But the fact is that 80% of all women who serve time in prison are either forced into homosexual contacts with other prisoners or seek these contacts out of their own volition.

Many of the true homosexuals are forced on them, and often this is accomplished in the most brutally sadistic fashion imaginable. Gang rapes for instance.



# Women's Prisons

There's the blood, sweat and tears of prisoners' lives in front of them. Mary Kay



These inmates are usually the lot of the new prisoner or "ink." As she is called until she learns the routine of prison life. The going rate is a kind of initiation ceremony aimed at diminishing the newcomer's self idea that there is a shred of decency left in the world. Searching for the guards is no help; for the guards in most prisons merely go by and eye the prisoners as in their situation if they are not actually posing in the fat and point. It is well known that in virtually all prison situations that the only people worse than the prisoners are the guards, who are inevitably more violent, more damaged, and more depraved than any woman.

Take, for example, the case of Jeanne M., a young woman of 19 who had never been in jail before. Her "crime" had been that she had kept company with a young man who had, unbeknownst to her, a criminal record and who had committed a robbery and hidden the loot in her apartment; also

without her knowledge.

When Jeanne got a year in the state prison for women for being an accomplice — because she was a poor judge of character — she was frightened, and she had very good reason to be.

Her first week was somewhat shocked during the first two weeks in the modern planning institution where she'd been sent, for those weeks were spent in isolation, a kind of quarantine where the new prisoner could be checked over for physical and mental fit — physically recovered and other recognizable diseases and acute psychosis which would pose a threat to the prison population. No one seemed to care much about the threat the prison population would pose to Jeanne's health and well being.

This particular prison had a large common area in which the prisoners spent most of their time. The individual rooms where the women slept opened out onto the common area and offered no place for a

(Continued on page 22)



hanged prisoner to hide from her tormentors.

Jennie had not been in this part of the prison for an hour before a huge, muscled-looking inmate named Fagin had a hand on her soft shoulder. Jennie was a small, delicate woman and the big dyke was big enough to break her in two. The large woman told her to come to her cell and they would "have some fun."

When Jennie was a bit older getting the point the dyke spoiled it out in short, dirty words like was propounding Jennie to commit a homosexual act with her, and Jennie was supposed to take the passive role in what was to come.

Jennie tried to explain that she had no lesbian desires and was not interested. Meanwhile she looked around for a guard, to no avail. All she saw were the heavily muscled forms of her fellow prisoners, none of them the least sympathetic to her plight, although the majority of them had been similarly incarcerated when they arrived in prison for the first time.

The big dyke reached out a paw and grabbed Jennie by the arm, nearly pulling her off her feet. Then she dragged her to the washbasin, hauled and propelling into her cell. When Jennie began weeping hysterically, the huge woman intimidated by so hard she loosened one of her teeth. The other prisoners gathered around to watch the fun.

Jennie wretched given the "helping out" treatment. She was held around until all signs of resistance ceased. Care was taken, however not to leave any large wounds or contusions that might bring down the belated wrath of the warden on the perpetrators. Without such show-up evidence what happened would remain a matter of Jennie's word against that of the dyke. Since the dyke was alone tonight, there's no need doubt as to whose word would be taken.

Then Jennie's clothes were stripped from her and she was thrown naked on the big dyke's cot. With one of the dyke's pale hand her down the dyke's striped on a huge dildo and then brutally raped Jennie with it. He gave her raped a woman

man, thoroughly and did this habit during two years.

Afterward, the dyke pulled her back to parts of Jennie's clothes, by now considerably the worse for wear. When they were at last finished, Jennie required medical attention, but it was many hours before such was given her, by that time, it was too late, for Jennie died of a ruptured womb complicated by septicemia, a horrible infection of the genital tract.

In order to avoid a scandal, the medical report listed her death as a result of attempted self-abortion, even though there was no possibility at all that she had been pregnant when admitted to prison. Only later on, when her parents created such a furore that an investigation was stepped out, did the truth about Jennie's death emerge. As one might expect, a few prison guard staff members were fired, but nothing much happened and the prison has undergone no change of any vital sort.

The pitiable thing is that what happened to Jennie is not so rare as one might suppose. Homosexual rape is the rule rather than the exception in our penal institutions and, as a result, it results in the death of the victim.

Senator Thomas J. Dodd of Connecticut, chairman of the Senate subcommittee which deals presently with conditions in the nation's prisons, has charged that young inmates are "beaten and badly abused and even killed" by other prisoners or by members of the prison staff. Senator Dodd warned that the nation's jails are "powder kegs, ready to explode."

In testifying before the subcommittee lawmakers, District Attorney Arlen Specter of Philadelphia said that sexual assaults among inmates had reached "epidemic proportions." He said also that he believed his city was no different than any other American city in the regard.

"Almost every good-looking inmate is sexually approached within two hours after her admission to prison," he said.

Specter pointed out that some efforts were being made to stop sexual abuse in prisons, such as better supervision of inmates and isolating new prisoners from hardened criminals. But, he said, that

judges are making a tough job for reformers. It seems the procedure extremely reluctant to deal out severe sentences to anyone convicted of raping another prisoner. They are afraid their convictions will be reversed if the rights against the heavy sentence.

And, as all wise before know, the best way to avoid an appeal is to give out light sentences. Who bothers to appeal a slap on the wrist?

Senator Dodd is of the opinion that federal aid might be required to clean up the nation's prisons. Anyone familiar with the atrocious record of the Federal Bureau of Prisons might doubt Senator Dodd's wisdom in relying upon the federal government for an enlightened approach to penology.

The vast majority of American prisons fall themselves to rehabilitate the prisoners; if, indeed, they even make an attempt to do so. Instead, prison life ends up brutalizing the inmates by corrupting him sexually and by offering an effective training ground for future criminal activities on his part.

Sexual corruption in prisons is also a result of the overall attitude of society toward sex. According to the authors of *New Horizons in Christianity*, "there is no more delicate problem than sex in prison. The conventional mores of our culture in which we live focus upon the free discussion of sex, and prison administrators avoid a public exposure of this serious tragic crime present in every prison. No effort has ever been made to come to grips with the problem."

There's nothing new about the problem, either. It has certainly been present in past centuries, as witness these lines from Oscar Wilde in *The Picture of Dorian Gray* that (where he served time for homosexuality):

"And all but Lust is turned to dust.

In humanity's machine

The client groins, the prison weeds

Flourish well in prison air.

Mike Kees, a representative

from Germany to the World League for Sexual Reform, made this statement: "In all kinds of women's prisons we find the same sexual, the same general misery which Sirhan Folke found



in the life of the male prisoners. Nearly all the women who have been imprisoned for some time undergo not only temporary changes in their psychosomatics but also almost without exception changes of a lasting character. Dreams, imaginations, feelings, life, the time after taking prison terms serve not only to satisfy their sexual desires during their prison term but often take over after the place of normal emotional life."

In Victor Nelson's *Prison Days and Nights*, he goes to the bone problem with this observation:

"To the man dying of hunger and thirst, it makes little difference that the only available food and water are tainted. Likewise, it makes little or no difference that the only available means of sexual satisfaction are abhorred. It is merely a matter of ability to eat, to drink, to have the hunger which torments him."

A study of delinquent girls in a large reform school points out that, in institutions for girls, up to other outlets for the play of sexual energies are given, the adolescent "crush" takes on a more active and exaggerated form. They are more active because the homosexual current dominates the community and because of the great energy displayed when the same girl is the object of several girls' attractions.

While some institutions attempt to have strict rules to prevent sexual practices from flourishing among the prisoners, but these attempts almost end with a strictly negative viewpoint, the denial of all sexual outlets. Thus, they are doomed to failure before they begin.

For instance, officials of the Los Angeles County Jail have used every known method of minimizing sexual contacts among its inmates both within the pen and the women's sections. They are both to accommodate new prisoners and addition of over 10 such a jail occupied by only two inmates at a time. It has been learned that homosexual behavior is much more prevalent when only two inmates of a cell are present.

Aside at this time just as the thinking is shared between the inmates of the various cells, ex-

cept at meal and shower times when they are under constant watchful supervision. The cells are kept locked at all other times, and regular identification checks are conducted by deputies and trustees in order to make sure that during a meal or shower period no inmate has not slipped into the wrong cell for possible homosexual purposes. And the shower rooms are built in such a way — without grids of any kind — that no opportunity for intimate sexual contact during shower periods is afforded.

In some prisons the actual process of putting soap in the prisoner's hand is still employed with the aim of preventing them with an accomplice to a substance supplied to inhibit sexual desire. There is not a single shred of medical or physiological evidence that soapwater may affect whatever an human sexual potency or desire, but the myth of an supposed power is very nearly as impossible to stamp out as a sensitivity itself.

As a matter of fact, soapwater is used in the making of canned beef and if canned beef and cabbage acted as a curb on sexual impulses, the Irish people would have died out years ago!

One justification for the dilemma of sex in prison is to reward favored inmates' good behavior by allowing their canteen costs with their women's allowances from time to time — thus making incarcerated husbands and husbands permitted to visit imprisoned wives overnight.

However, this would not accommodate the sexual needs of a large part of the prison population. What about the single men? Should they be allowed visits by prostitutes? If so, what about the same situation in women's prisons? The public factor can be imagined if single women inmates were permitted visitors rights in prison with males.

The system is in effect in some foreign prisons and seems to work well in satisfying the demand of homosexual kinky party which goes on. At least the homosexuality tends to be limited to prisoners who are already homosexual when they come to prison, and these inmates can be selected in special cell blocks with steps

of their kind so as to keep the deviation from spreading throughout the institution.

It may be a very long time before any nation catches up with this individual form of psychology. As long as the deeply rooted patriarchal attitudes which perpetuate slavery are allowed to take over over common sense and prevent any realistic approach to the problem, the problem of homosexual activity in prison will continue to grow. The only answer is to allow inmates of both sexes to have a reasonable amount of normal social contacts while they are in prison.

The denial of a normal amount of heterosexual activity to the inmate and the resultant worsening of his or her psychosomatic attitudes in the direction of homosexuality may well fail when the definition of "trial and unusual punishment" which are forbidden by the U. S. Constitution. And sooner or later some civil liberties attorney will take the matter to the Supreme Court and have social reforms in the process.

Meanwhile, while James will be brutally raped and murdered and more normal inmates will become perverted by our insane obsolete penal system.

An example of the latter is Sally J.

Sally entered a well-known California women's prison at the age of 23 after being convicted of vehicular homicide resulting from an accident which she had caused while driving under the influence of alcohol. While Sally was no hardened criminal, neither was she an innocent little girl. She had had a number of sexual encounters, all of them with men. Never in her life had she engaged in any sexual activity which could be deemed homosexual.

That was close to change, and not because she was being raped. Her prison, or otherwise, forced and unknown. In fact, the first few times Sally was approached by the resident dykes in the prison, she reacted their advances angrily. When they made a move to leave her, she made good use of her karate-chung training to make sure any further attacks breaking the use of the largest ball dyke in the prison with a rapid head chop. (Continued on page 27)



**S-E-X!**

**I WAS**





# THE LOVE SLAVE OF THE GEISHA!



"I never saw that real estate on the charts!" I said about it, seeing my Germanman Warden with a screaming back and headed back over the cloud capped island in the blue Western Pacific below. It wasn't part of my big story, but was a pretty little island, hiding down there all by itself, secretly away from the war and like most of them.

I wouldn't have found Raki/Pina if we hadn't pumped a flight of Zeros 100 miles west, on the way to study a Jap tanker that one of our submarines had reported. I needed you and my wingman went after the second while I started blasting the third. We played hide-and-seek in the clouds for a minute before I caught him peeling my out of a fat comrade's net below me and dragged down on the Kawasaki Zero's tail with all our blasting.

My first burst went into the pilot. I was kind of glad it ended for him quickly. Riding a flamer down isn't nice for him. Riding one down into the Pacific hundreds of miles from land was the kind of torture I wouldn't wish on Top himself.

Anyway, I was separated from Raki, my wingman, and when I tried to call him on my radio, the gadget wouldn't work. My instruments were malfunctioning and the radio compass was also busted as I went over to meet the plane navigation with my magnetic compass. It was accurate enough to get me within fifty miles or so of the carrier. But you might as well be on the moon or fifty miles away from something in the Pacific.



You got the idea. When I spotted that island below me, I was lost. Nearly out of gas and wondering how many days I'd be in the little rubber raft before the sharks got me.

No. I whipped the Wildcat around and went down for a look at this strange new existence. As it got bigger in my window, it started to look even better. In fact, when I got down real close it looked absolutely terrific! No military installations. No warships at anchor in the little natural harbor at the eastern end of the island. Just gleaming white sand beaches, rows of palm trees nearby and a cluster of white-washed buildings around a crystal clear lake not too far from the shore.

This wasn't any ordinary island. I'd undoubtedly discovered Paradise!

I was on my second pass looking for the nicest beach to set down when I saw the white flag with the red swallow-tails from a pole in front of the largest building, which looked like a real star palace. I was just starting to pull up when I also saw the red eye down there waving discreetly at me.

Whoever realized that guy was either awfully good or mighty lucky? I swear the first lady was the one that blew my engine into 440 pieces. It came apart in front of my eyes!

That did it! I hit the emergency release, stopped the motor and ran and landed out of what had once been a beautiful little carrier fighter plane.

The driver stopped quickly. I was near the western end of the island, maybe 1000 yards from the cluster of buildings and I was hopeful of avoiding capture by the Jap guards. Looking down, I picked out a private clearing between some pretty big trees and that's where I hit.

I had no time but hit it and in the back. I hit myself full and rolled, ripping at the pressure harness release as I did so. In some ways, I'd landed well and my trusty Colt .45 was now at hand, ready for anything.

I was ready for the raft, for I'd hope that came from directly behind me!

—FRANK DOX TO NAVY, JOE!— the

voice said. I started to turn around, then I heard the sound that made the words convincing. The sound of an automatic being cocked!

I dropped my trusty weapon and a second later a dim, tanned man came past me and stopped on my heavy pistol. I caught a whiff of perfume that almost made me, a woman-starved carrier pilot who hadn't had a date in over months, forget there was a war on and she was the enemy with a gun!

Now here around Joe, the voice said softly. Mainbody turned.

My face was as green, I thought. Remember dear!

She was a jeweled pearl in her lustrous black hair. She wore wooden shoes brightly painted with mutation prints. I figured the idea was a real rubber Joe's suggestive post!

That's it.

That's all she was!

"Frank, Joe, not to start," she said, lowering her eyes modestly. You allowed is unexpected. Kew-Jane made sure it wasn't to make the duck like Hollywood movie star!

I just gaped for a minute until I decided what she said. Her name was Kew-Jane, she had been something because she wanted to look like a Hollywood movie star. Well, I knew about a dozen movie stars that would give their Beverly Hills mansion back for Kew-Jane!

"I won't look Kew-Jane!" I promised and she looked and smiled gratefully. I pretended to look away but, man, I wasn't missing any of the richest details.

"Come!" she said.

She pointed with the gun and I walked to the direction she indicated. She was the loveliest woman I'd ever seen today, may be I was prejudiced after seven months of abandonment and she was stark naked and I was hoping she was taking me to her own little pad. Should be just like that!

Wrong again.

She marched me right to the main buildings through beautifully cultivated Japanese gardens with dwarf trees, exquisite floral arrangements and clear streams and ponds with those pretty ar-

ched bridges spanning them. I strode along a polished-stone path, round a well-manicured bush and rapid stoppage in my tracks!

A white-faced, black-eyed beauty gaped right back! She was dressed in the traditional Omaha costume, very similar whatever her face, her mouth, straight-standing chest at a point!

She bowed and half-closed her eyes to Kew-Jane who nodded as another in robes, gesturing at me with her Nahean automatic that appeared to indicate how I'd arrived at their island.

My clock seemed to deliver to the other girl and she actually seemed afraid of her. I looked around for the man who ran the place. After all, someone had nudged the machine gun that had shot me down. There wasn't any one in sight.

Now Kew-Jane was explaining again but the girl wasn't buying it. She pointed brightly at Kew-Jane's chest, flushed her eyes at me and Kew-Jane flushed brightly. I figured it was time to get into the conversation even though I couldn't chatter Jap.

"I'm Lt. Gene Lavells, U.S. Navy, vessel number 345888." I said firmly, hoping to break up this argument that looked like a loser for the naked beauty.

"Take me to your commanding officer!"

The girl, interrupted in mid-sentence, turned those arrogant dark eyes on me. She considered me a moment, then spoke.

"There is no commanding officer on Koko Jima, lieutenant!" she said in perfect English. "This Jima is a rest area for Japanese officers of ranked rank. The staff here is all female. One of us operated the weapons which destroyed your war machine."

A rest area for Japanese officers of ranked rank?

In other words, I'd landed on an island where the Japanese officers the Japs had war landed!

I needed nothing on the old never-fading Lavells cream.

"I give up parole. I promise not to try to escape from your lovely island." I said to the girl.

She smiled prettily in return. "This guarantee is not necessary, Lt. Lavells. It has occurred me. You will follow Kew-Jane



into my cell in the large building which is called The Shining Flower of Ten Thousand Delights.

Let me tell you following this again won't say hardship at all. These young talented ladies and

Miss Severn thought a better long time!

By my side, the girls named the garden. The Thousand Grove, a smaller blue-plumed butterfly was House of Happy Dreams, and the pagoda on the right became House of Many Jars.

"There are only five girls on Raki Jima," she informed me in the cool, detached manner of a knowledgeable guide. "Girls like Kichuwa are apprentices, useful as servants and slaves until they are deemed worthy of greater rank."

Inside The Shining Flower of Ten Thousand Delights I was personally served tea and chocolate little rice cakes. Another girl joined the first one and they were in their best behavior. One played a flute and the other sang as the toiled a one-string koto. It was all very formal. Kichuwa had vanished somewhere and four or five little dolls brought in the garden.

Then the tea things were whisked away.

"Next the bath, Lieutenant," the girls told me. "The servants will assist you to cleanse the stains of war on your body. Later we shall try to eradicate the scars which your conduct has caused on your soul."

I stared at her trying to figure out what she meant.

"My goddess? All I've done is fly, no surprise, drop bombs on ships and shoot down a couple of your fighters."

The girls shared laughter, the other one who hadn't spoken any English so far stared with open hostility now.

"You are enemy. When bath is finished, Androm, and I, Danchen, will discuss your status at greater length."

The apprentice girls didn't do this bit in English so they laughingly carried me from the bathroom room where we'd had tea through beautifully arranged and decorated passageways and rooms, a sliding door situated as to the pool. I'd never seen anything like it anywhere in the

There were two pools, one steaming, hot, the other cool and clear. In addition there was a weird looking shower in one side. Here they stopped me and started to help me get out of my filthy wet shoes, stockings, everything.

When I was just as naked as they were, they broke into a lot of giggling conversation and I could tell from their looks and a couple of inquiring touches what they were talking about. I was sort of embarrassed. I mean after seven months and all.

But they were pretty well desensitized and I was pretty well disappointed because they just nudged me didn't get getting noticeably affectionate about it, then nudged me and nudged me into the heated pool. I tell you if you've never been in a hot Japanese pool you don't know how it feels to be naked! I suddenly became convinced that several necessary appendages wouldn't ever work again!

Then, just in time they got me out of the heated pool over into the cool pool. After the first shock to my superheated body, I felt tremendous! And then the girls jumped up on me, putting me on a low table and giving me a rub-down with oil something that stung, then powdering me with a very fragrant powder.

I made a discovery along the way. I hadn't been naked before in the hot pool after all!

Now they gave me my shoes back and my daggers but they wouldn't let me have my flight suit or shirt. I didn't feel very dignified as they trotted me from the bathing area through the rooms to where the girls were waiting.

Three of them waited now. As I entered they were kneeling and they each bowed low, their palms touching the floor. I stood there naked-naked, feeling like a fool!

The one named Androm turned her head slightly and peered at me they bowed and somewhere I got the idea that she didn't exactly think of me as a monster like the others did. Well, she didn't think of me as an enemy, but it that way?

The girls named Danchen who seemed to be in charge straightened up and clapped her hands. The other girls got to their feet.

Each one took an arm and led me across the room where two ladder cords dangled from the ceiling.

They positioned me beneath them. Androm stood on a little raised platform, the folds of her red garments brushing against me. Danchen I pressed my face close to her slender body and left her motionless then she rubbed very softly against me.

However, what she was doing wasn't subtle. She raised my left hand and expertly tapped the cord around my wrist, trying to do that when I tensed against it the knot became tighter. Then she did my other wrist to the cord so that I was stretched toward the ceiling.

The other girls did the same with similar cords attached to fastenings in the floor. Danchen had watched all this happening, then she came over, no expression on her face at all and cracked a slender leather whip against my abdomen.

It didn't move me until I felt the prick of sharp steel hooked around in the whip. I flexed back, tapping myself on the leg around my ankles, but I couldn't fall. I thought then my wrists for a moment, as again, that struggled to regain my balance and stand on my feet again.

"Now, lieutenant," the girls accused, holding her whip to Dan. Kim "you will be punished for your useless women against my people."

She pulled the bow at her waist, the girls' groins swung open and I saw that beneath a she was mostly stark naked! Once again, despite the pain I was in and my fear of what was to come, I found my self in an embarrassing position.

Then informed Danchen!

She reached at a whip on a low table nearby, her face contorted with hatred.

"Excellent Yakuza master!" she spat and swung the whip!

A streak of raw fire burned across my hip and abdomen. Danchen swung the whip again, encroaching like first one wheel, and then she was savagely pulling me into one mass!

Suddenly even though I swung whitened, the condition which had infuriated her will persist! I wished it would stop but the sight of Danchen, nearly naked, (continued from page 46)







# GAIL STEVENS "GORGEOUS GAIL"

The first thing you're absolutely certain of, you don't have any doubts whatsoever, it never enters your mind not to believe in, Gorgeous Gail Stevens is DEFINITELY, POSITIVELY, one hundred percent, NOT A BOY!

There's a certain something about Gail, an aura of femininity, a subtle sensation which tells you immediately that she's a member of the Fair Sex! Besides her long hair and earrings and beads, there's something else...







Now, you've noticed them too, those dainty feminine characteristics! Look at her, folks. Notice those sleek curves. Brood over that firm flesh. Rejoice over those lovely eyes, that laughing mouth, her pensive air! She's been an artist's model but as far as we artists have ever completed a painting! Each time she poses, they propose, she refuses, and they have a breakdown! What's way to go!



# THE HIPPIES RAPED ME-- AND THEN MADE ME

## PAY!



I'm a married wife with three children and I own a small bar that sits alone in a town in Massachusetts. I belong to the Rotary Club, the Chamber of Commerce, and I'm a doorman in my church. I'm a really solid citizen. Ask anyone who knows me.

It's all a lie, though. Deep down, I'm the same man I was twenty years ago when I drank too much, slept with every girl I could get into bed, and some

one day when the beautiful girls are wearing tight back skirts, I can't help myself. In no time I usually measure up so that I watch the chicks bounce up and down the aisle, reaching high for something on the top shelf, squinting to get things down low. It's too much and I've been driven on several occasions to make an awkward wild run out to the motel.

My teen-aged daughter's friends are another source of temptation. I got a concrete pool in my back yard a year ago and the kids all hang out back there. I mean some of them really do hang out. The way they make talking with today, it's a wonder their lips it's more rape daily at the public beaches.

So that's what I'm like. Almost- aged, slightly physically slightly kidding others who pretend to be dull, highly moral, and a pillar of the church. I own a little book, the expensive four-door Cadillac, and I'm the last man in town you'd expect to get involved with these teen-aged hipsters.

I've seen these three particular girls before. I parking back in the street behind the store and it's after midnight when I lock the back door of the store and start home.

The girls later there. They wear bell-bottomed skirts slit right across their bottoms, sandals or barefoot, and various mini-skirts, a man's shirt, belted to the waist, or a T-shirt which, absolutely nothing underneath. I see them fifty or sixty feet down the street, flashing headlights and they've seen me each time I left the store. Just ahead of the corner there's a telephone booth and I've afterwards thought that they've been there and are going to go back for some mysterious reason of their own.

The evening it happened, I left the store with my briefcase loaded with money, left and back home. I intended to go over there that night. As I locked the store and checked the burglar alarm, I noticed it was raining, slightly.

The first thought I had was the drive home wasn't to there. I checked that thought and headed for the car, hurrying wondering if

of the things I did with and to the women I had weren't very good.

Then I met Emily. I showed up the mess of my life, went to church with her regularly and tried not to be caught ogling the women in the congregation, and subsequently went into business. Twenty years and three children later, I'm almost as big a character as you're apt to find at any Rotary or U of C luncheon.

I made a mistake. I didn't checked. There's a good I drive to about twice a month where I know a fairly good young prostitute will be waiting. I take fast-food papers not to be caught and so far I've been lucky. There have been a few times I've met in my store who let me know they'd be delighted to have a little extra-marital fun but I avoided going all the way with them. It seemed safe enough but each time I look at down at the last minute.

I've told you that you wonder about the kind of man I now to be and the kind I really am. I'm a girl-watcher. I almost go out of my mind when I take the family to the beach and see all that gorgeous naked flesh wandering around but I hide my feelings and nobody seems to know about this habit of mine.

The next night once has almost contacted me, though. One morn-



When the hippie pulled the knife on

Rita, he went limp with fear . . . but he recovered quickly







would get enough rain to benefit the parched land.

"When I passed, fumbling with my keys to open the door, it suddenly opened from inside. I pushed it open and looked in and saw them!"

"Hope you don't mind, Daddy," the hippie in front said, sliding back across the front seat to give me room. "It's not our car, you see. It happened to be open."

My pulse was pounding strongly but I tried to shrug it off. I'd forgotten to lock out of the door. A detective told me later that it isn't very difficult to unlock a door in a building unless like mine. Anyway, I did make and looked at the hippy which opened to me first. She had long straight hair, the weird kind of make-up the kids wear nowadays, and her body was something else. The way she sat with those pants, fast around her thighs and absolutely skin tight across her shoulders and between her legs. I decided she couldn't possibly be wearing underwear underneath. As she leaned back with her arm on the back of the seat, I didn't have to guess about the breasts. She definitely didn't have one on.

Her eyes were as big as I showed correctly at her body and then not here. She knew how I felt, all right, and when she opened her legs slightly and saw her tongue across them she was letting me know that she was a suitable.

I turned quickly, remembering there were always three of them. Sure enough, the other two were in the back seat. They were totally relaxed, grinning at me and I felt myself getting excited and a little frightened at what was beginning to happen.

"It's not out yet in here," she said. She stretched those twin breasts against the man's shirt she had on. It was a little wet, wet enough, so he was transparent and I could see the dark or color of her breasts clearly. No less on her other.

I had to regain control of the situation and that.

"Getting into someone else's car is illegal," I said sternly. "However, it is raining and I and

I'll give you a lift anywhere you want to go."

"That's really decent of you, sir," the girl in front told me, very respectfully, big eyes and smile. "We want to go to Haight Street and we don't have the bus fare. Could you...?"

I opened my mouth to refuse to tell them to get out, but I didn't say it. I didn't want them to leave. My pulse was pounding because they were in the car with me and my brain was racing as I tried to think of what I should do next.

If there weren't three of them, two wouldn't be responsible and one wouldn't be perfect. But here they were, three hippies who acted and talked like they'd go for anything I suggested.

"We'd really appreciate a ride to Haight Street," one of the girls in back was suddenly murmuring to me. "I mean, we're very grateful types. Dad, know what I mean?"

She hit my car door. I mean it. Her sharp teeth tapped my window gently and I almost jumped right through the roof.

"Stop it, Olga!" the girl in front said but she was laughing so her eyes met mine. "You know to watch Olga. Dad, she's a real character!"

If I'd had any doubts before, they vanished when Olga hit my car. I got the key in the ignition and started the car.

"All right, girls, I'll take you to Haight Street," I said.

The girl in front laughed happily and the car was the next thing. Olga in the back seat leaned forward and hugged me back against her twin breasts and I turned my head to keep from being nibbled in again.

"This is great, Dad," the girl behind me murmured. "It's sort of romantic, with the rain and all."

I just drove, feeling the warmth of her thighs and breast against my side.

I got all turned on when it rained like this, the sun-drenched in back seat and I started a quick look back toward her and saw her smiling and touching herself.

This was getting to be too much. I looked at the girl next to me and my brain was numb. I couldn't think of what to say or do.



"Do...do you girls always stand together?" I inquired and she knew exactly what I meant.

"Oh no. Sometimes they have dinner with some that, you know," she said, but went to look for my car. "I've had to go back to Haverford three more than once."

She dropped her hand to my leg halfway across my knee.

"Would you give me a ride home if they weren't with me?" she asked softly.

I didn't look at her but I smiled slightly and she squeezed my leg and did her hand a little higher. So suddenly Olga opened right behind me. She leaned forward breathing in my ear again and giggled something in front of my eyes.

"Look what I've got, Dad!" she said jubilantly. "The room is paid for until tomorrow morning."

I grabbed it. It looked like a motel room key, the kind with a big plastic tab attached to the regular small key. I took my eyes from the mannequin road to Haverford and looked at VALLEY LODGE it said. I knew the place. Not very new or well maintained, it always looked empty when I drove past.

"The room is at one end now-when near the office," Olga said suddenly in my ear. "Look, I left my new things there. Could you stop and let me pick them up?"

The girl in front with me looked pleadingly at me.

"Here let a break sister," she said. "If her folks find out she left her underwear somewhere again, her old man will break her back."

There I was with three young girls in the car leaving me no hiding at all and waiting at me. I never doubted for a minute that I'd stop at the Valley Lodge Motel. There wasn't a car anywhere near the end room of the motel. Olga pointed out to me. The moment the car stopped, Olga dashed for the door, throwing it open. The other girl in the back seat. There dashed in after her. I sat there in the car with one hope and watched her leave over and over deliberately turn off the ignition. In a minute, I watched her remove the key and

then dash looking toward the door in her side.

"What a monster!" I protested. "What do you think you're doing?" She winked and waved the door open on either side a little. "Let's go make a few minutes, Dad," she whispered to her.

I stepped in. I never signed anything in most of my life but twenty years of fear and caution couldn't be forgotten that quickly. I lunged for her, trying to get the key.

"I'll take the key!" I growled, my left hand passing her hairband, my right arm pulling her toward me. She came to me every all rounded flesh under tension, and to find the most exciting place to touch! I had one hand then both, but when I opened them they were empty. Where is it?

She smiled, looking that incredible body against me.

"Find it, she laughed. I was starting to go and scared and a little angry.

"If you don't give me the key I'll call the police!" I threatened. The minute I said it I was sorry and the laughter went out of her eyes. But my bluff didn't work.

"You'll be a little embarrassed explaining this, mister," she said softly. "Don't get sloppy about the key. I only took it because I've got to use the john inside and I don't want you driving away on me."

The girl was right, of course. I'd never go to the john. Helplessly I watched her open the door and jump for the open motel room doorway. I resisted the impulse to leap out after her. I didn't want to go to that room. That is I did want to but I was afraid.

I sat in the car. I couldn't even play the radio. Five minutes passed, each minute a century long. Ten minutes went by and I could hear noise from inside and one of them singing then a clatter of girlish laughter. It was almost a clock now and Emily would come but when I got home. What would I tell her? I had to wait for three biggest words their relationship.

One louder burst of laughter made me forget my fear. I looked around. It was nearly dark now, there wasn't a car within

a hundred feet, no one would see me. I opened the car door, stepped for the motel, burst through the door, slammed it behind me.

Olga, the other was drying her hair near the door, totally naked. The sight of her enormous young body almost turned me to stone. There were no towels and I walked with dignity.

"Oga, let's here!" she shouted. "I only saw a second ago. Dad, if you were in here, I'd have myself a ball with you!"

Diana lunged for me, her arms going around my neck but I waded so fast of their kind of love. I still turned her head dumping her on one of the beds. She went on into the bathroom. I wanted the girl with the boy!

Like he's after you! one of them pulled the waiting net as the girl turned to face me. My car keys were on the shelf behind the medicine cabinet and I leaped for them. No! No!

She was quicker. She snatched the keys then dashed as I went to grab her and leaped through the door into the room beyond. I went after her.

I ran right into a long, dark knife pointed at my forehead!

Diana, Emily and the woman's laughter or long now! The hotel of mine is a little wolf with paws and she held that knife like she knew how to use it. I stopped abruptly covering's, screaming, lost! Dad it's Emily! Diana! Diana!

Summer drove. Emily let's let the man have a knife then with us, you at a time. She tossed the knife point a guard me a knife and I felt the pain as it broke the skin. Then I felt the blood begin to trickle down my stomach made my shirt. I looked down and saw the stain. Diana looked on and laughed, studying me with the knife point again.

"Better check the shirt, Dad!" she suggested. "We don't want you all blooded up when you leave here!"

Suddenly I began understanding the shirt Olga was still nearly naked and her eyes were shining as she watched me remove my shirt. "That's it! Dad! Take it all off!"

I shook my head, confused but very sure I wasn't going to make



here to any of them with the others present.

"You girls are crazy!" I protested wildly. Diana smiled at me again with the knife and this time the blood flowed even faster.

"If we're crazy, then you're in pretty big trouble, Dada," she teased. I stepped away from the knife and knew that then Olga's naked body was against me. What a trap!

"You're going to get carved up too! Dad! Diana poured and I watched her eyes then. Endless and end every looking. She was on some kind of pill or maybe took an overdose. "If you don't take care of Olga, you'll lose your family jewels!"

They laughed at this line. I didn't know I was so very real danger. Olga saw my eyes and she knew the light was out of me. She stopped close and began touching my belt. I just stood there like a fool and let her slide my trousers and shorts down to the floor.

There, stretched out!

Her sleek, vibrant body melted against mine. At first I couldn't think about Olga. I was still remembering Olga, needle-like knife. Diana had held her to Olga's toes, she started down tracks. I forgot again she was in the room.

I guess I really forgot! I was up there floating around as if I was there used to say in my heyday and then there was a bright flash and another and another. The third time it happened I was beginning to think again and I knew what was happening.

"Someone had taken my picture!" She just was, there Diana!

I slowly walked over on my side and looked. The girl Olga, was replacing a barrel and flash light and I was still gazing at the record of the moment again and snapped my picture!

"Come on! Olga, have a heart. I said somebody! If anyone sees these pictures I may as well kill myself!"

She laughed. "You want to kill yourself? You're serious old boy!" She answered. Olga Olga, you take the knife. Diana it's your turn on the workbench!

A sudden light, Diana's accomplice raised and Olga held the knife. Just to remind me, she

rammed it, deep half an inch into my buttock. I laughed gleefully when I grazed with pain.

"Get down to work, boys," she ordered and I laughed.

Sorry. If you had three heavens you couldn't form words now when I'm unable to do!

Diana came closer, making womanly. "There's also Dada. You know!"

About two minutes I did see Diana had proved to me that a little experience plus an absolutely tiny anatomical figure could work wonders on a tired man. Olga took three more pictures, detailed and minutely as Diana and I went the route then they all changed places. Now, again. Like took Diana's place beside me and Diana took the picture.

Olga was different. She liked to tease to hurt and tease me to make and lose and taste. They had a quart of brandy and we each had a tall drink of a final only and this time it was my own idea. I was getting ready for another session.

Olga had tossed the knife aside when my arms wrapped Olga. She just watched, enjoying it all most as much as Olga and I. Diana took some pictures of course, but finally she came over on the bed beside us, sharing in the great joy we simultaneously attained!

He also protested when I got up and went into the bathroom to take a shower. The hot water then cold water cleared my head and I realized that I was a ruined man if the three happen close to let those photographs get around! I had to get them back before a was too late.

I passed through the bathroom door. The camera was on a bureau near of the three were near it. I grabbed my camera then began for it. As my hands closed around it I looked quickly toward the bathroom. Filled with the unfamiliar camera for a moment, then got it open. I gasped. There wasn't any film inside!

Then, there was a polite tap on the door.

Come out and dress Dada. Olga called. "We've still got to get to Markham and you don't want to get home too late."

I didn't know what to think. I

went back outside, giving the room air to Olga who took it and we partly slipped it into a mass.

"There's no film in it," I said stupidly.

She smiled and smiled a little. "I removed it when you went to the job. You'll never find it where I've put it hidden."

Olga was driven and she came over to me. Her eyes were soft and she looked very pretty.

"My brother is a photography bug and I know how to develop prints from the negatives. No one will see the pictures of you except us!" I dressed and washed my hair, my mind a blank. I didn't know what to do. I was pretty close to most ways than one but I'd just killed it with those gorgeous young girls and even though I knew I should be miserable there were parts of me that were happy to help!

"Okay, kids, let's go!" I said when I was ready. Like three obedient children, they filed out to the car. The man had stopped and it was dark now. I looked at my watch.

It was something!

Olga rode up front with me once more. Diana and Olga got in back. I watched them out onto the highway, heading toward Markham and after the one get riding. Olga did over next to me, gathering me in a way that made me feel better. Then she reached into my jacket and took out my wallet.

"I hope you're loaded, Ralph!" Olga said and I felt a job of fear when she said my right name. "We're out of brandy and you're going to have to help us out a little. You don't mind do you?"

"Mind?" You're damned right I mind! I snapped. Olga looked across the seat, holding the flash camera out where I could see it. I folded like a leaf. "Take what's there!" I said loudly.

"You've got eight bottles Dada!" Olga said after a moment of squinting with my map light on. "We'll take duty that's a heavy stone. So you won't have to go home alone."

I turned to look at her and I smiled.

"I don't mind my little!" I said breathlessly. "I guess I had my little, most of that. In fact..."



Diane laughed, looking into the net too.

"Don't get too comfy. Looks like this is just the first part—most. We three went fifty spaces by Friday afternoon. We'll be at the same place, same time, and that's not all."

"They had a regular partygoer set up. This party place was fifty more on Friday. Plus I know one of my acquaintances who might hold still for the same deal? Obviously I told them about it. That's who ran the software shop near my store. He was so happy as a guest he could well afford what the girls would ask him for. I had an idea he'd be grateful for being welcomed."

"They didn't ask pay for eleven weeks. But one or two and occasionally all three of them made sure I didn't repeat giving them the money. We did some crazy things together. They whored me a few times. I found out Dianne loved to be spanked, then made love to and we sometimes put on an act that left me to keep on an old trot."

"They were caught by the state police on a road on the Valley View Road eleven weeks after I met them. I was sure they'd mention my name or worse, the state police would find the photographs they'd taken of me."

"A few days after their arrest, I received a plain envelope with my name on it in the mail at the store. When I opened it, there was one sheet of newspaper."

"Dear Ralph, it begins. Sorry, you don't have anything to worry about. There never was any film on the camera that night of the motel. The girls asked me to keep hell for them and not to tell going to show the good times we had with you. Love from me. Ellen Olga & Doreen."

"I'm out of it, right?" In the chair. After I think about it a long time I make a phone call to find out who those lawyers will be and then go to the bank. The three hundred dollar bills I send to their lawyer won't be wasted and it may help."

"I know I'm a sucker. But they made me pretty glibly happy for awhile, and some day, who knows? We may start again."

## RALPH THE SURE .. GOLDEN BOY OF CRIME

(Continued from page 21)

grocks of the officer and catches him at a great height.

"Murphy the Sure had finally gone under!"

But anyone with any human thought at all could have told you that Murphy was not a boy to be kept down on the ground form after he'd seen the bright lights.

Game for a while, two years but not forgotten by his pals, Murphy the Sure carefully plotted his future course—the steps "up" the ladder in his world quest for the top of the underworld.

But even the rough, or tumble, green-quarter Murphy could not have foreseen what a calamitous road he was treading, or that the last step would be the dark, murky waters of Whiskey Creek.

On the night of Friday, December 8, 1965, a fatuous looking woman carrying three girls and two men rooked in a way publicly through the International Waterway toward Whiskey Creek, an angry stream not far from Port Dwyallish.

The shouting and laughing came to a sudden and cruel end when one girl began filling with terror, pointed to a spot in the distance and cried out, "The God there are kept sliding out of the water. Someone's drowned!"

As the boat sped to the spot the girl was pointing to, the moonlight continued to lick the flapping waves around what was now a definitely decrepit body.

Not choosing to make any positive identifications themselves, the party sped back-to-shore, notified police and directed them back to the grimy scene. The police launch pulled alongside the boat and bargained Glen Lytle and Detective James Pringle pulled it to the surface. With specialists from the launch hoisting down the victim appeared to be a once beautiful, shapely brunette dressed in a black, frilly blouse. Around her neck was a white double-strand extensor-type electrical cord. On the other end of the wire was a cement block, which had been used as an anchor.

Police autopsy later revealed that she had been inflicted a single

blow that, which entered the top of the brunette's left shoulder vertically, ranged downward through her chest and lodged in the left lung. Apparently the murderer had stood directly above her when the fatal blow was laid.

"The girl might have been knowing what she was about," noted one of the detectives.

In addition to the two clear wounds in the abdomen, she had been beaten severely. She suffered skull fractures.

The girl was Annette Marie Mahe, 22 years old, born in Germany and a resident of the United States since she was 12.

Police combed the creek bed and waters for additional clues. Not far from the first body they found the second submerged victim. This was the girlishly dressed body of Terrie Kaye Kent, French 25. As in the case of Annette, Terrie-Kay had double-strand electrical around her throat, to which was attached a cement block. She also wore a black lace bra and size 36-C.

According to the post-mortem, Terrie had been killed by a hard blow in the head, probably inflicted by a sharp, heavy object. The blow caused a deep cut and a massive skull fracture. She had been strangled in the abdomen four times, but the wounds were not enough to have caused death.

Dr. R. K. Hagen, who conducted the autopsy, reported, "No vital organs were injured on the midbodies. He added,

"The older girl (Terrie) probably died later than the younger one. The older girl's face and body were bruised, exhibiting a struggle. The younger brunette's body bore no such marks."

Neither girl was sexually molested.

The bodies were in the water at least eight hours before they were discovered. Dr. Hagen said.

As in the case of Helen, here it was a man concerned about Murphy the Sure that brought about his downfall.

This time it was a taxi-driver, Donald France. He had met the girls weeks earlier after they'd been kicked out of their apartment in Red Harbour and needed a place to stay. France offered his place. The girls accepted



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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 284: 1039-1044.



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**Abstract:** This study examined the effects of a 12-week, low-intensity, supervised walking program on the physical and psychological health of sedentary, middle-aged women. The program was designed to be a safe and effective means of increasing physical activity. The results showed that the program had a positive effect on physical health, with significant improvements in cardiovascular fitness, muscle strength, and body composition. Psychological health also improved, with significant increases in self-esteem and decreases in anxiety and depression. The program was well-tolerated and had a high level of adherence. These findings suggest that a supervised walking program can be an effective means of improving the physical and psychological health of sedentary, middle-aged women.



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**Abstract**—The purpose of this study was to determine the effect of a 10-week training program on the heart rate (HR) and energy expenditure (EE) of sedentary, middle-aged women. The subjects were 10 women, 40 to 50 years of age, who were sedentary and had no cardiovascular or pulmonary disease. The subjects were randomly assigned to a 10-week training program or a control group. The training program consisted of three sessions per week of aerobic exercise at 60% of maximum HR. The control group did not exercise. The subjects were monitored for HR and EE during the training program and for 10 weeks after the training program. The results showed that the training program had a significant effect on HR and EE. The HR of the training group decreased significantly during the training program and remained lower than the control group for 10 weeks after the training program. The EE of the training group increased significantly during the training program and remained higher than the control group for 10 weeks after the training program. The results suggest that a 10-week training program can have a significant effect on HR and EE in sedentary, middle-aged women.

## What's new in this trial?

...the ...

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"The girls were being given a pretty rough time by two guys," Prince reportedly told police. "I don't know who they were, but I tried to help them. The girls were really afraid."

Taking additional fragments of information from other witnesses who knew the two girls—who they were staying with—Prince said eventually he led to a spiffy 22-foot outdoor motorboat moored to a trailer parked outside a row of condominium apartments near Third Street in Miami Beach. The boat was registered to Edward Kunkin, a resident of the building. Upon interviewing the 46-year-old businessman, police learned that the boat had been loaned the preceding weekend to two acquaintances.

One of the alleged men was Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy. Still looking for a motive for the murder, lawyers checked on the girls when they lived and worked in Los Angeles. They were known to have associated with underworld characters there. Since they worked for a brokerage firm, investigating Lieutenant Fred Schloff asked if any reputable securities were missing. An audit turned up the startling discovery that \$485,334 had in fact disappeared.

A further check on Terrie Raa and Amanda revealed that while in Los Angeles they were friendly to two characters named Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy and his pal, Allen Kula, both from here three two years in prison for the Star of India theft. Police then learned the girls had been killed about the neighborhood over an argument of the debasing of the stars.

The walls were beginning to close in on Murphy, but credit him with without making two Ten days after the crime, his attorney, Harvey B. Jan, telephoned Lieutenant Schloff and said: "Murphy is available any time you want to talk to him."

Murphy himself was sounding even more confident.

"If I had anything to worry about concerning my innocence," he told a crowd of reporters, "you can bet I wouldn't have turned myself in!" That after the grand jury had handed down two first-degree murder indictments, one

aimed against the handsome 30-year-old ex-baseballer, the other against his pal, Jack Antonio Givola, also 30.

This was not the first time, however, that Murphy had assumed the mantle of the suddenly innocent. Shortly after his name had been mentioned in connection with the Star of India robbery, Murphy and his pal Kula boarded a plane in Miami and flew to New York to turn themselves in for the hearing.

"I hope they understand their own fool," he told reporters. "I'm supposed to be surfing in Hawaii now."

He and Kula were not above showing about the theft of the Star of India either.

Before leaving Miami for New York, they referred to Murphy's pearl on pin as "The Star of Indiscretion."

When confronted by New York reporters, Murphy was asked if that subject was "The Star of Indiscretion," he was wearing in his tie.

"Huh," he said, "this is The Star of Alphonsine?"

The beginning of the end might have started for Murph the Surf on Sunday, January 28, 1968 — only six weeks after the conviction of the double-murder. At that time he was arrested when police trapped him and three alleged accomplices in an attempted heist of the home of Oliver Wofford, a wealthy couple whose home is in Miami Beach's "Biltmore" Room.

Four men had forced their way into the 13-room mansion on Pine Tree Drive at midnight. The desperadoes held captive the wealthy couple, her 62½-year-old mother and a nursemaid. While the boys demanded that Oliver Wofford open a safe, the manager to speak a secret button which set off an alarm at police headquarters.

In describing the incident later, the probable jail police, "They threatened to put my wife's voice over my eight-year-old niece's."

Police responded immediately to the alarm and arrived at the home just as the desperadoes were about to make their getaway in the gun battle which ensued. Murph the Surf tried to make his exit by reaching through the French window. He sustained

many cuts on his face and body and was given first aid before being charged with robbery and breaking and entering.

And so while the courts might not yet have dropped fully on the incredible life of Murph the Surf, the same police officials who just months ago would have taken no better against his smiling self are now about back getting well convinced that the Golden Boy of Crime has acquired a deadly punch to his looks and reputation.

"He's still got an awful lot of charisma," one Miami police official was moved to say, "but I believe a lot of good it's going to do him now from where he'll be!"

## I WAS THE LOVE SLAVE OF THE GEISHA!

(Continued from page 37)

blushing with that slap her beautiful bobbing with each stroke, her beautifully modeled body moving gracefully I couldn't help my almost reaction!

Akane saved me! She was horrified at what was happening, and suddenly leaped in front of me, stopping Danbara in mid-stroke!

Danbara went something at her but Akane was defiant. They glared away for a moment, then Danbara yielded and set her step aside. Still, what the beautiful geisha looked at me.

"My friend Akane means me against being overly anxious in the presence of Lieutenant," she said. "Our exalted benefactors the Japanese generals and admirals, will decide your fate while text they favor us with a visit."

Akane asked my hands while the other clerk took the words off my feet. Akane managed to break against me a couple times while she was at it and I almost grabbed her right then!

"You schemed your escape a short time ago, lieutenant!" Danbara said severely. "The conditions of an ordinary parole do not suit me. Instead you will be my personal prisoner and subject to my command. You can demand and agree!"

I nodded like and the whip, yes, yes, I was warned.

Danbara barked a brief rap



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POWER ON THE INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY  
—and finally released to the public!

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HOW NOW GAY IT UP

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ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_

STATE: \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE: \_\_\_\_\_

...even more surprising, that adds up to \$10 a month up for the gallons of gas each month, without charging a single cent on your part.



at one of the windows, there sat a few persons at Amoy and the one I called Ishiguro told us they had just returned from the room.

"Are you in great pain, Lieutenant?" Daubert inquired. Her appearance had deteriorated there and she suddenly smiled. "I do not believe you to be interested in a drinking contest."

I saw her glance and I got the message. A moment later when the servant returned with a small table which he set near a bank of pillows on the floor, I was one of a thousand at and found myself heading some unknown little fighter and then she moved me with the last rice wine and had some bread.

It was delicious. And suddenly you know what I mean. She played her little one-armed guitar a little, sang me a song in words I couldn't understand and went through the whole guitar routine.

Now, with no expectation on her face she ran her right hand twice behind her back. She was still slowly talking to the stopped dancer and suddenly resumed the whip dance across my back!

The pain almost broke me up. I stayed at her steps before she put her arms in my arms.

"Now, garden girl, make love to me!"

Suddenly, I didn't want to touch her after all! What I wanted was rage and I really went at her like an animal! She remained and glared at me, but went straight at my legs and she had a ball! We weren't making love, we were locked in, closely combat and I had a funny fear that one of us was going to die from too much of a good good thing!

But we didn't die. We fell asleep. They left me alone and I slept the clock around, then the high noise and dragged me off to be locked again. After the bath, they gave me sort of an ornamental jockeying to wear and after I ate they pushed me out the door, jockeying with gestures that I had the use of the place. It was I started walking toward the beach; however a little girl with a bag, her eyes showed it to me and I began to balk.

The women were watching for something. Girls with long braids, here were watching the show and

the harpists, looking for places or stops. The second day I was there Kawaguchi told me what was going on. She was waiting a moment this time and was standing in The Transatl Ocean when we met.

"What are they looking for, Santa Claus and his reindeer?" I asked.

Then pointed her until she decided to agree my funny and forwarded the question.

For five weeks honorable attention was expected. The service was good, maintained, looking around to me if we were observed. There was a lot of admirals and generals. Kawaguchi was to come three weeks ago. Subject in such history also and.

I was beginning to understand. And I knew why their boyfriends were showing up on schedule to have a little bit, recreation.

Admiral Kawaguchi had been aboard a Japanese carrier when it was sunk in the South China Sea. General Fager was captured on Luzon, he wouldn't be around. The Third Fleet was proving three waters and no admiral or general in his right mind was going to come happy-happy around this time, no matter how happy he got.

I just looked at Kawaguchi. "They won't show, hence."

Her eyes widened. She knew what I meant, and she believed I was telling the truth.

"The war, it goes badly for Japan!"

I nodded and made a fist, extended my right thumb, and turned it over, pointing at the ground. She understood me.

"Now, it will all be over," I answered quietly.

There she was, her eyes. She dropped the information, smiled deeply and then dropped a smile through her teeth at me.

The American companion, and they be gentle with their Japanese visitors?" she asked softly.

We stopped The Transatl Ocean for an hour or so then she slipped her suitcase back on and stepped off. But at time too, in one of the younger attendants came along and summoned me to that don't note.

I groaned at the thought of further demands on my bidding

otherwise but this time Paradise wanted conversation at service.

She had tea waiting and more of the delicious hot milk.

"I'll be about the war, Lieutenant," Daubert spoke up after I'd had a couple sips of their tea drink.

I told them what I knew, even but not to give her any information that might be helpful if the admiral heard it. She was shocked at the board about The Battle of Leyte Gulf in which half of the Jap Navy went to the bottom. I described how our carrier planes were dropping the Jap fighters from the sky and how soon we would invade the Japanese home islands.

She didn't cry on Kawaguchi had his heart me out and sent me away. A day later she sent for me again and that time she caught the whip. She made me carry three of them hot spots, burning and crawling each time they lashed to me. Afterward I was whipped and then Amako drove me to her sleeping room where I was forced to do her bidding.

It went on like that. I was whipped repeatedly and then forced to make love to them. Despite the fact that I was fed, the diet was fish and rice and I was losing weight. Later on when I submitted my report to Naval Headquarters, the comment generally was "what already was to be?" but even if I was going to be happy, I'd still be dead and that I didn't like!

It was July 1945, only a few weeks before the end of the war, when things came to a head. Several times flights of B-29's came overhead across the island but they didn't come down. I thought was cheering in those weeks. She ran to me for comfort, coming softly to me now and I told her none of them would be harmed by American fighting men.

"I'm here on the island," I answered her. "and when a ship does come along, I'll explain that you girls were told here against your will. I'll be a little and my I was always well treated. I won't tell them how you whipped me, Daubert!"

That an American ship didn't arrive first. A small Japanese.



really a meritor vessel, arrived one night after midnight. The first thing I had that all was not well was an alarming kick in the stomach, delivered while I was sound asleep.

I rolled over to agony, realizing my back was in time to turn my stomach by another severe kick. I looked up through a haze of pain and saw the features of one standing over me.

Harold Mated in his eyes. Slowly, he reached across to the Mando, balanced it on his left hip and drew it.

"I'm you, Joe!" he bellowed. That Mando instantly looked like a catfish as it lined up exactly on my right eye. I actually saw his finger start to tighten on the trigger and I cringed as I could imagine the bullet tearing through my flesh.

It didn't tear my flesh. Instead took the bullet I meant for me. Mated's face beamed, he snatched and carried my body as he fired. He spat a geyser of gore and stopped aside to get another shot at me. He shot three. I thought I had been hit.

She grabbed me and we ran together out into the night. Her hand as another gun roared. I turned in the morning that the Japanese were trying to take the corner shop and they refused to go, fighting them with guns and knives, making minor casualties.

The boat left an hour later. They had reason to run. As dawn, we saw ships on the horizon and before noon a destroyer escort had dropped anchor offshore and a delighted lieutenant (JG) was visiting my boat.

The swallows didn't miss their chance. Those black and little girls had them off in the bushes before you could wink. Only two stayed stayed near me and I recognized how all of them had befriended me, and saved my life.

That's about it. They saved me but I wasn't nearly delighted to be back aboard the carrier a few days later. I tried to tell my physician what had happened on the island but none of them believed me.

One thing, though. I still had the scars from the whiplashes when the medic examined me in

# WILL YOU SPEND \$2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?

There's nothing more important than your hair. It's the crown of your head, the pride of your life. It's the first thing you notice when you look in the mirror. It's the first thing you notice when you look in the mirror. It's the first thing you notice when you look in the mirror.

It's the first thing you notice when you look in the mirror. It's the first thing you notice when you look in the mirror. It's the first thing you notice when you look in the mirror.

## CAN YOU STOP HAIR?

There's nothing more important than your hair. It's the crown of your head, the pride of your life. It's the first thing you notice when you look in the mirror. It's the first thing you notice when you look in the mirror. It's the first thing you notice when you look in the mirror.

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# CHAMP ATHLETE REVEALS SHORT-CUTS FOR BUILDING STRENGTH AND MUSCLES QUICKLY

- And You Can Use Them to "Muscularize" Your Own Body!



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- 1. Exercise Every Day - The "Lancet" says that 1 hour a day is best.
- 2. Exercise in the Morning - The "Lancet" says that 1 hour a day is best.
- 3. Exercise in the Evening - The "Lancet" says that 1 hour a day is best.

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This is an affable revolution, conducted by people, who believe they only have a few decades on earth and want to spend them unclouded and on terms with light, air, sun, and other bodies.

The cause of sexual freedom is vital to mental health. It is the projected image of the modern and the general public by the Eastern Institute located in Big Sur, a spectacular stretch of California mountains and Pacific Ocean beach. A young man named Michael Murphy has taken a run-down family hotel and lodge and transformed it into a center to explore those trends in religious philosophy and the behavioral sciences which emphasize the possibilities of human existence.

One of the activities used to achieve contact between human beings is called "body sensibility and awareness communication" by its teachers. Edward Gosselin and one of his pupils teaching another with handlings and hands while the other remains still. No area of the body is left unexplored, and if this leads to further sexual exploration, so be it, particularly if needed.

The point of the Eastern Institute lies in its search for an open, fearworld. People manage such other people take the hot spots, both together and alone with one another in the made over spectacular cliffs where look out over the sea.

Meanwhile, behind the campus, the sexual revolutionaries have their various things. The aim is inevitably between the screens, because in so doing, the college can, thank be none, in the establishment and our participation sexual norms at the same time.

Where is all leading to? Our tendency not to generalize the full takes care of that, and what the full means, the broadly off campus abortion takes care of.

Is the sexual revolution leading to a breakdown of the concept of sexual morality? Not very likely for the revolution has not yet made many inroads into our Puritan ethics.

However, the path is being laid on our college campus to creating a generation of people who will be used with one who will be unable to contain with

any appreciable amount of emotion, who will treat sex as merely another bodily function, like defecation.

This lack of emotion has been given a clever psychiatric name: loss of affect or apathy. But that's about all the psychiatrists have been able to contribute for they have no therapy for it.

As G. Legman points out, in his polemic *The Pale Book*, "God is the never-overcomeable God's total apathy, the inability to feel, and the loss of touch especially in sex. This is a self-protecting cultural perversion that, once set in, cannot be cured. The children catch it from the parents, subversive Pop and bible-burner Mom, pleased in that a child, who can only reproduce their kind and who will only pick mates who match their sex patterns. This is the key to the whole sexual screw-up of our time."

"Affectless persons deny to themselves that they are responsible for anything, or can ever touch anything, and that anything can touch them. They are therefore free to do anything — and they do! This is the essence of what is known psychobiologically as the 'criminal character' and popularly as 'not having any feelings.' It is the essential part of the James Bond fantasy, the perfect spokesman of God's body-morphology, personae and destiny of the starhome commando Walter Krilly, who looks off two murders in one night, she screws two girls and blows up the world and neither the murder, the screwings nor the blowing up of the world means a problem thing to him."

In other words, the composed and off-campus apathy men find the sexual act meaningless, for they can no longer feel anything about it and the gratification is purely on the surface. And into this emotional vacuum, which is already a part of American life, comes the kind of sexuality found in such cinematographic comedies as the films of Andy Warhol.

One of them, *The Chelsea Girls*, has been advertised widely in colleges and underground sex spaces with this quote from one reviewer: "The girls of New York's Chelsea Hotel include a ball chaser who gets her kicks from chewing needles (needles dipped into the pastures of tender young things who come her way), a whiskey-addicted mother who sporadically beats her housemate son with a whip while his lesbian girlfriend looks on approvingly from the next bed, a wealthy person who tries his vain to keep his young man away from the two teenagers who drag him from across the hall and offer themselves to him, and a tipped-up fantasist who beats and scratches other a girl he imagines has seduced him."

Nothing else would be needed to demonstrate the utter, pure nature of the so-called sexual revolution than its growing indifference to morality — sex which is not gratified with cruelty, sadism or perversion of various kinds. Nothing is more telling, in proving it is an effortless counterforce of sex than its wholesale and unceremonious apathy toward — wife-swinging husband-ditching gangbanging and the rest — and the proposed sexual approach to adolescents of both sexes, also with the intention of perverting them to some kind of generalized sex. From the streets, then we read "No normals need to apply."

The sexual ideal of the "cool" generation is not only orgasm without-pain but also orgasm without-partner. The right change of sexual partners as happens in various types of orgies, and the choice of partners impossible to respect, or actually too young to know how to respond fully, are obvious means of buffering the sex act away from any possibility of human meaning and draining out of it any meaning thought possibly develop.

Furthermore, the three-way orgy involving two boys with a girl or two girls with a boy or screwing several other people (and works the dogs simultaneously under the name of drug and drugginess) has to lead the way to sexual perversion. It also serves to thin out, and cool down the sexual change and the sexual relationship to the point where there is really nobody involved but the degraded orgasm, whose only interest is self-gratification.



# How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Belander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"



"Do you want the key to complete study easy, though you have probably said when they asked? Here you are here continuously as first of decade at the decade you wish, with, because you progressed a word knowledge? Are you sometimes aware of yourself in a degree when you are unprepared? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or getting your thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you are a victim of unlearned English," says Don Belander, Director of Career Institute. "Unlearned English is a handicap suffered by countless students of colleges, which men and women. Quite often they are told back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And you are not aware of English. It is necessary for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Belander says, "Yes!" With English from the University of Chicago and North-western University, Belander is an authority on which education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, correct their handwriting, improve their memory and become intelligent conversationalists again in their own homes.

## BELANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Belander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. This can just be taught quickly and easily at the privacy of your own home, through the Career Institute English. It is necessary to do the following exercises, Belander tells how it can be done."

**Question:** What is so important about this study in speech and writing?

**Answer:** People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English makes you self-conscious in business and in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely essential for getting ahead in business and social life.

**You can't express your ideas fully or defend your own personality without a firm command of good English.**

**Question:** What does a "command of good English" mean?

**Answer:** A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, easily on a good understanding, also most persons can remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off all doubts that may be bothering you back.

**Question:** Did I need to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

**Answer:** No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home in as little as four minutes each day.

**Question:** Is this something new?

**Answer:** Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method works along two lines to give students complete control over their memory, correct their writing ability, discover the "secrets" of successful conversation.

**Question:** How is this really done?

**Answer:** Yes, definitely, because in my life I have seen thousands of men and women and businessmen who have used the Career Institute English to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

**Question:** What are some of these people?

**Answer:** Almost everyone who has heard of the Career Institute English is glad to hear of men and women of all ages. Many have attended college, others high school and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and stenographers, industrial workers, clerks, operators and public relations. Executives, sales people, newspapermen, doctors, nurses, telephone salesmen, government and military personnel, retired people and many others.

**Question:** How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

**Answer:** In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set yourself your goal. In as little time as 11 minutes a day you will see quick results.

**Question:** How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

**Answer:** I will gladly send you a free 32 page booklet.

## MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To receive a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *How to Gain a Command of Good English*, you must fill out coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute English works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and effectively at home. Don't forget to send in your coupon to Career Institute, Dept. 448, 222 J. Large St., Manhattan, Illinois 61840.

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Source: Steve Niles, July 1981, pp. 11-12; and Dr. ASSURANCE CORPORATION, 1981















under him, half turning his back. He spilled the vodka onto the carpeted floor next to the bed, then raised the glass to his lips as though he were drinking it all down.

He leaned back as though tired and the girl's eyes met his, alert and watchful.

"A delicious Alex," she murmured, placing her warm hand against his hairy chest, squeezing him gently. "I've had so much to drink tonight. I'm getting sleepy."

"That's her game, is it?" he thought.

"Sleep a little, sweetheart," he rumbled, "and later we will awaken and I will show you the new debate which just occurred to me."

She kissed him, then rolled away. Lying there, Relyakov told himself he had perhaps imagined the strange taste in the vodka. Almost convinced he lay back, hearing the girl's gentle, even breathing and he was glad that she could sleep then, relaxing a clear conscience.

He was almost asleep when the girl stirred. She was sitting up now, he knew. He felt her hands firmly on the cheek at the breast over and then she touched him very gently.

"Alex?" she whispered. "Alex, darling. I want you to make love to me again."

Alex did not stir. He kept breathing deeply and evenly, even when her lips touched softly upon his. Then she placed the ball of her thumb on his upper eyelid and expertly thrust up his eyelid, peering closely at his exposed pupil.

Then she was startled. Carefully she swung her feet out of bed and stood up. Alex watched her through slitted eyelids and he began wishing she'd put some clothes on.

Marion Ward was no longer undecided or hurrying. She crossed to her pants and took out a very efficient looking camera.

"She didn't hesitate. The trustiest was opened, she began taking photographs of every document he'd been fast enough to take from the office. Relyakov knew a strange sight as he'd just found the gun hidden inside the bed.

She didn't know a thing until the footsteps crashed under his weight and he sat up. The gun aimed right at her. When she turned, the Communist was her lovely eyes wide, threatening with fear.

"Place the camera upon the desk, Marion," he said, his voice quiet but very lively. "She did it. Now, place both hands upon the desk. Yes, that is correct."

Marion Ward as she'd called herself stood with feet wide, leaning awkwardly with both hands supporting her weight on the desk.

"You are with the Central Intelligence Agency, Miss Ward. Relyakov mentioned as he gave of her, making sure she had nothing hidden in the very brief garment which she still wore."

She laughed, the sound crystal and laugh like in the room where their voices had mingled in love a moment before.

"C. I. A.?" You are not that feminine, my dear Relyakov. Comrade Zyrnak instructed me to ascertain just how badly your security paper might become. The picture which I took should for such him with all that he requires to send you to a better's grave."

Relyakov went pale and stiffened. "Zyrnak?" If she were indeed an agent of his own Russian nation, then he was much, much worse off than if she'd been American.

"I do not believe you!" he snapped but the word wasn't good enough. "Let me see your identification."

The pistol stroke toward her pants. Relyakov's gun covered her continuously as she fumbled in side. If Marion Ward produced a gun or any other weapon, she'd be extremely, but the girl came up with nothing more deadly than a leather folder. The type used in every identification card.

She flipped this open and his eyes widened as he saw the unmistakable red seal covered on the Russian text and Zyrnak's signature. He extended his left hand for it and she tossed it casually in his direction.

His eyes were on this as a sword toward him. She moved incredibly fast, slinking sideways at the wrist. Her palm edge was like iron. He dropped the gun

and then he was fighting for his life.

He felt his muscles about bursting. He managed to punch her in the face and tried to let her again but she was a fury!

She kicked him in a vital spot, landed him heavily in the face so he dropped over in agony, then hit him three times on the back of the neck so he fell slowly to the floor.

She was moving fast now. She dressed quickly, wiping away all fingerprints and smudges. One cracked glass was put back where it belonged, then the glass behind used was placed near his head. She dressed hurriedly, removing her fingerprints, then took her long hair, rolled it through the hair-made bandage, put the mouth beneath his jaw, and pushed his finger against the trigger.

The explosion was loud. Within the bullet sprang upward tearing apart flesh, bone and granite, splintering it up the wall and on the ceiling. Marion Ward let her hand fall and stepped back. Her job was done.

Unhappily she took her pants and gloves, crossed to the door and let her softest Swedish friend for the elevator that went quietly down the stairs and put into the night.

Zyrnak's door was across the street. She went out the service entrance and walked to the dark sedan parked at the curb.

The man in the shed watched her get in and waited.

Relyakov's dead, she said softly. "He didn't take the drink and caught me photographing the material."

The man grunted. This meant things up considerably. There would be inquiries and requests now. Perhaps an agent in Moscow would die, perhaps a dozen or more would be murdered for this!

"I showed him the forged Russian credentials," she explained.

"He thought I was one of Zyrnak's associates and he hesitated to pull the trigger. That gives me all the time I needed."

There was silence in the car as he drove toward C. I. A. Headquarters. Marion Ward was crying.

He didn't ask why.







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**"Either that bulge goes, or I do!"**



It just isn't ethical to go with a girl badly (especially when you're a writer and for all the world is to draw nothing but too large to be concerned with a girl looking kind of decent) so it seemed like the best offer.

the "Bible" of the industry. It is a comprehensive, up-to-date guide to the industry, covering everything from the basics of the industry to the latest trends and developments. It is a must-read for anyone involved in the industry, whether you are a student, a professional, or a hobbyist. The book is written in a clear, concise, and easy-to-understand style, making it accessible to a wide range of readers. It is a valuable resource for anyone who wants to learn more about the industry and stay up-to-date on the latest news and developments.

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on 10 Natural Looking Fruit Flavors  
and Cream.**

It's a little bit of a... (The article continues with a detailed analysis of the political and social climate in the United States during the early 1960s, focusing on the impact of the Cold War and the civil rights movement. The text discusses the challenges faced by the Kennedy administration and the role of the media in shaping public opinion. The author also touches upon the personal lives of the political figures involved, providing a nuanced perspective on the era.)



1. The first step is to identify the problem.
 2. The second step is to define the problem.
 3. The third step is to analyze the problem.
 4. The fourth step is to develop a solution.
 5. The fifth step is to implement the solution.
 6. The sixth step is to evaluate the solution.
 7. The seventh step is to monitor the solution.
 8. The eighth step is to maintain the solution.
 9. The ninth step is to improve the solution.
 10. The tenth step is to document the solution.

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Europe	500,000,000	10,000,000
Asia	3,500,000,000	44,000,000
Africa	700,000,000	30,000,000
South America	300,000,000	17,000,000
Oceania	35,000,000	3,000,000

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## 2 SLIM GARD and SLIMMERS SHAKE

**JCL THERAPY** \$17.96  
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**Abstract**

I am as positive that in the help of the gods and goddesses that you can win important results in just 10 days. — Indeed they do. There is every penny back.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

1999-2001 2002 2003 2004 2005

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Page 114, Equation 6.1:  $\frac{1}{2}mv^2 = \frac{1}{2}m\omega^2 r^2$



**JOHN WIDEN**  
 President, American Academy  
 of Child and Adolescent  
 Psychiatry  
 Washington, D.C. 20005

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